SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY MARCH 4, 1882. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 33.

A REQUIEM.

BY JAMES THOMPSON.

Thou hast lived in pain and woe,
Thou hast lived in grief and fear,
Now thy heart can dread no blow,
Now thine eyes can show no tear;
Storms round us shall beat and rave;
Thou art sheltered in the grave.

Thou for long, long years hast borne,
Bleeding through Life's wilderness,
Heavy loss and wounding scorn;
Now thine heart is burdenless;
Vainly rest for ours we crave;
Thine is quiet in the grave.

We must toil with pain and care,
We must front tremendous Fate,
We must fight with dark Despair:
Thou dost dwell in solemn state,
Couched triumphant, calm and brave,
In the ever-holy grave.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

BY ELTON ELSMORE.

CHAPTER III.

LATE as Ralph Humphry went to rest, he was up and out betimes in the morning. He had pondered over and studied the case, till he felt a deep personal interest in it, not only as the counsel employed, but as identifying himself in some way with the prisoner, which, rather to his own astonishment, he now constantly found himself doing.

Every minute was precious. Bertram had expended the time intervening between the inquest and that appointed for his trial in that hopeless stupor which Jessie had described, when he had taken no heed to his own position, refused to see her, and seemed utterly to abandon himself to whatever result time might have in store for him.

Subsequently Jessie obtained more than one postponement of the trial; and now Ralph Humphry felt no further delay could be asked, unless on very good grounds indeed, while the time, which was to decide that fearful question, "Guilty or not guilty," was drawing on only too rapidly.

After a hasty breakfast, Ralph went directly to a solicitor, of whom he knew something, and who was reputed to be a very acute, clever, shrewd man, and there occupied the time till he could obtain admission to the prison, in placing the case in all its bearings before Mr. Northurst, with his own observations on it, and conclusions therefrom. Finally, he handed him his notes, begging him to improve on them, and give what opinion he could on the best plan to be pursued as to the defence.

Mr. Northurst remembered "the case perfectly, oh, perfectly;" nevertheless he read with great apparent attention all the papers laid before him, and looked at his querist with expressionless eyes.

He was an adept at that branch of his profession was Mr. Northurst, showing no index whatever of his thoughts on his face.

"Well, my dear sir," he said, finally, "you know of course the general conclusion arrived at on this matter. I fancy you will scarcely find a dissentient opinion throughout our profession."

"Possibly not, at present," returned Ralph, somewhat impatiently.

"But I want to know what you think can be made of the case, and what line of defence you would consider it best to take up?"

"Why, really, you know best," said the solicitor.

"Ah, of course you are well paid for it; otherwise," added the sharp man of law, who knew perfectly well Ralph had never yet had a brief, "my advice would be to leave the matter as it now stands."

"You think, then, there is no shadow of doubt as to the prisoner's guilt or conviction?" said Ralph.

"No, sir, not an atom," he replied. "The whole thing lies in a nut-shell. It is as clear as can be — the simplest case I ever knew.

"The man robs his employer; finds the theft must be discovered; kills him, and then gets frightened at himself; remains like a dolt on the spot; is arrested; and because there's not evidence more than enough to convict him without, must needs corroborate every suspicion by his own unrequired admission, instead of holding his tongue, as the merest baby with two grains of sense would have done."

"Don't you think that very fact tells in his favor?" said Ralph.

Mr. Northurst shrugged his shoulders, possibly at the notion of a barrister imagining for a moment any jury would so regard it; possibly at the ignorance of the young man's knowledge of human nature, betrayed by his question.

"Really, sir," said he, "I should fear, very much fear not. Certainly it won't help him out of the scrape now."

"Can you see no loophole of any sort?" persisted Ralph—"no plea on which to urge his possible innocence?"

"A good many of the last, no doubt," replied the solicitor—"anything would do for that, almost; but to prove it successfully, so as to reverse the sentence hanging over him, certainly not.

"The best plan, if you're determined on the defence—indeed, since I don't see the slightest ground for even suggesting that Mr. Lovingstone administered the poison to himself, would be to urge that the young man was laboring under some aberration of intellect at the time; very judiciously handled, skilfully as you doubtless could handle it, my dear sir, that might tell, perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps—and produce a commutation of sentence, 'recommendation to mercy,' you know, or something of that sort."

It was Ralph's turn to shrug his shoulders now,—he did it, and then hastily bidding Mr. Northurst good morning, left his office somewhat abruptly.

Commutation of sentence—recommendation to mercy — stuff! — much good that would do either to Jessie or William! Had he been wasting his valuable time, and incurring liability of fees to that close, hard, lawyer, who wanted as much pumping as a deep well, only for that? The man clever? —no, he was not; he knew all he had said, every word, long before he had gone to him had conned all over, and could have said just the same things himself.

"Narrow-minded, common-place man! To be sure, he had not seen or talked to Jessie."

This calming thought occured before Ralph had got out of the street where the lawyer lived; and before he had got halfway to the prison, other, and still more quieting reflections suggested themselves.

"What the man said was very true. It did seem impossible to prove Bertram not guilty; and if he were—no, he was not, he was sure of that, at least nearly so—still, what was he, to set himself up as a better judge of the merits of a case than so many others, his seniors and betters?—experienced men, too.

"Wasn't he a fool-hardy simpleton to be so bent on carrying on this hopeless cause, in spite of everything and everybody, risking all his own happiness and success in life too?

"Well, he would see the criminal himself, and that should decide him finally; if he was then still convinced of his innocence, as Jessie's words led him to believe, he would keep his pledged word to her; he was quite sure Mary would tell him he was right in doing that, whatsoever might be the result —his heart told him so, and that he would be acting rightly, and God would help the innocent, and him also, when aiding the oppressed and poor.

"If, on the other hand, he found reason to believe that Jessie was wrong, and all the judicial and newspaper world right, he would, after all, resign his brief, hard as it would be to tell Jessie he found it right—imperative to do so—try and comfort the poor girl then as best he might, and more, get Mary to help him in the sad and difficult task."

After all these sobering reflections and determinations, Ralph reached the prison in a frame of mind less buoyant, indeed, and hopeful of carrying all before him, but calmer, clearer, and more capable of forming a true judgment on things and people, than he had been since his singular interview with Jessie on the proceeding night.

* * * * * *

When Ralph Humphry arrived at the prison he was at once admitted, and silently conducted to where William Bertram had passed the weary, solitary weeks since he had suddenly lost his master, his prospects, his fair fame, and standing accused of the foulest crime that that can blacken a human soul.

"Here you are, sir," said the warder, opening the door; "touch the bell, please, when you wish to leave."

The lock jumped back with a spring, and Ralph Humphry stood alone with the prisoner.

But was he so? — this young, pale man, who now rose from the stool on which he had been sitting, an open Bible before him, and quietly bowed to the strange gentleman admitted?

That calm, thin face, those clear open eyes that looked so full into Ralph's, were they those of a murderer?

Not one tinge of color flushed the pale cheek, as he looked inquiringly at Ralph, not one flinching of the sad, grave eye, not one restless movement of the body, denoting conscious guilt, fear, shame, or remorse.

Ralph felt instantaneously that Jessie was right, or that no trust must hereafter be put in physiognomy; nay, he himself was inclined to feel shame at ever having thought of this man as a guilty homicide. He hardly knew how to address Bertram—the latter did not speak, and evidently had not the least idea who Ralph was, or for what purpose he was there.

After a moment's pause, during which the young barrister carefully studied his unknown client, he said, "You did not expect me, I fancy—my name is Humphry, and I have called at the request of a friend of yours, Miss Ward, to see what can be done in your sad case."

A faint change was visible in the young man's face as Ralph spoke, an emotion of pleasure slightly ruffled its fixed, almost painfully fixed composure.

"Poor Jessie!" he said; "has then succeeded at last? You are very good to come to see me sir; but," he added, and he looked up inquiringly, "you will not think of attempting my defence.

"The matter is hopeless, utterly so! I have long ago resigned myself to my fate," he said, and his lips quivered violently. "I thought it hard, impossible at first, but thank God, it is different now! I think, I hope, I shall be helped to bear it all through to the end; but Jessie oh, poor Jessie! she cannot make up her mind to what must be; even yet, she is sanguine still, and so at length I yielded, and gave her leave to try all she could. It will be a comfort to her at last—her only one."

He paused, for his voice, which had been tranquil at first, though very low and almost plaintive in its softness, now trembled with the depth of that feeling to which he would not yield admission for himself, but which so powerfully swayed him where Jessie was concerned.

He struggled to subdue it, and successfully, for a moment afterwards he spoke with restored calmness.

"But I beg your pardon, sir," he resumed; "I have no right to trouble you with all this.

"Indeed, I did not mean to do so. I don't know how it all came out, only somehow, when you spoke of Jessie, it seemed such a relief to speak to her to somebody — poor thing! poor thing!—but once more your pardon, sir."

"Indeed you have no need to beg my pardon," said Ralph; "it is my great desire that you should speak openly, quite unreserved to me.

"Therein lies our best chance of doing good in this matter."

"Do you mean you will take the case, sir?" said William, looking hurriedly up, not with hope, but with utter astonishment and much anxiety.

Ralph paused, looked at him once more earnestly, steadfastly; their eyes met at once, and remained questioning each other for nearly two minutes, and then Ralph's resolve was finally taken.

"I do mean it," said he. "From this moment I am your counsel and your best friend."

How great would have been the measure of Mr. Northurst's contempt and pity for the easily-gulled young barrister had he seen him at that instant take the criminal's hand, and warmly press it, as though he were indeed his equal and his friend.

"God bless you, sir!" said William; "but it is of no use. Indeed it will be only a waste of your time and talents; my fate is sealed.

"Nay, we can none of us say that with certainty, while life remains," said Ralph; "but I will not deceive you by saying that I have much hope in the result of all I can do, so far as I can see at present; but to my best exertions you are freely, heartily welcome, and I pledge myself I will not spare them.

Bertram again thanked his newly-found counsel, and both remained silent, and musing for a while.

"Mr. Humphry," said William, presently "you are very good, and perhaps it is right, now I have the offer, not to throw away a chance, however small, of saving my good name, if not my life; but don't you think it will afterwards be worse for Jessie, if she has any real grounds to hope for better things now? She is too full of hope as it is—at least she will not be convinced things will end as they must,—and I'm afraid to think how it will go with her when it's all settled."

"Nay, my poor fellow," said Ralph, "that thought must not weigh with us, painful as it is.

"As you say, it is your duty to do all in your power for yourself, for justice's sake even; and as to Jessie, if the end must be as we fear, it will be a consolation to her to know all was done to avert the blow that human help could do.

"And now tell me what are your own ideas respecting this horrible charge. Have you any clue to point out, in your own knowledge of the affair, that will guide me in my plan of defence?"

"Ah, no, sir," replied Bertram; "if I had, Jessie would have had no need to urge me so long to consent to having a counsel. I have thought it over again and again, till my brain was nearly bursting with the misery and the mystery together; but I could not see a ray of hope or light in the whole thing.

"Only one point seemed clear—that I was doomed as guilty of a crime, the very knowledge of which turned me into something little better than a statue for many

days—that no human power could prove my innocence, and that it is God's will, I should suffer."

Humphry could not but confess to himself that this, too, was the only conclusion he had himself been able to arrive at, but he did not say so to his unfortunate client. On the contrary, he tried to rouse him from his too resigned, because utterly desponding state, though his own heart bled in the process, for he could not help feeling he was reviving false hopes, which would be only the more bitter to resign when necessity enforced their final lesson.

However, he persisted in what was almost an obligation on him to attempt, under the circumstances, and succeeded at length in rousing in the prisoner something like interest in the defence purposed to be made for him, if not to the faintest hope that any good could result from it.

He then made Bertram give him a full detail of every circumstance connected with Mr. Levingstone's death, as personally known to him, and cross-questioned him over and over again as to whether he had not some slight notion, if not suspicion, how the poisoning could have been effected. But in vain; William's account tallied completely with that given in the newspapers, and nothing new was elicited from all he had thought and reflected on the subject, except this, which tended rather more to complicate the matter—his own unshaken conviction, borne out by all the evidence, that it was not, that it could not be, an accidental thing.

In his despair, Humphry had once suggested this as very probable, and a good ground to go on, but William stopped him at once. He had himself once thought of it, but reflection had convinced him it was impossible.

"No, sir," he concluded; "I can't tell why, but the more I have tried to lessen the horror of his death, the more deep has become the conviction that my poor master and kind friend was murdered, as certainly as that I am innocent."

After a long time spent in asking questions and taking notes on various points which might, or might not, prove useful in the voyage through this dark sea of mystery which poor Ralph was bound to take, the interview was at last brought to a close, and the puzzled barrister slowly took his way to a favorite walk in the Temple Gardens, at that hour almost deserted, there to ponder over all he had heard and seen since yesterday evening, digest as best he might the small results which had hitherto crowned his exertions, and form, as rapidly as might be, his future plan of action, while Bertram was left as usual to his own sad, solitary reflections, till the hour when Jessie, and with her something of comfort — all that now remained to him in this life — should be admitted into his small, dull cell.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER leaving the prison, the young barrister's next move was a call on Mr. Alfred Levingstone, the brother of the murdered man, and this he did at once after gleaning all the information he could at the counting-house, both about the brothers, Mr. Ricarbo, and William Bertram himself, the erewhile respected and looked-up to head clerk.

Mr. Levingstone was at home, and on receiving Ralph's card, hastened forward in a hurried, eager manner, when Ralph followed into the sitting-room.

"You come about that fearful business, no doubt, my dear sir; what is it? No difficulty arisen in the conviction of that rascal, I trust.

"I shall have no rest till my poor brother's murderer is hung; I feel it, sir. Nay, I do not believe my brother himself can rest peaceably until he has met the punishment he so richly merits. Do you think he can, sir?—could you yourself, sir, in the same case? No."

But for lack of breath, it is probable Mr. Levingstone might have continued his harangue, for Nature, which had been so niggardly to his elder brother in the gift of loquacity, made up for this by endowing the younger with a double share; but as he talked very fast, and walked rapidly up and down the room during the whole time, his tongue did not, and, somewhat to Ralph's relief, he now paused.

"You are right, Mr. Levingstone," said Ralph. "I ventured to call in relation to the mysterious circumstances attending your brother's melancholy death, though not exactly from there existing any doubt of the result of the trial. I fear there is little chance of the accused escaping."

"Fear, sir!" interrupted Mr. Levingstone "hope you mean, I trust? Fear! Why, sir, you would not let such an ungrateful ruffian as that loose on society again, and you a professional man, sir!" he added, glancing at the card he still held in his hand.

"Certainly I would not let the man who murdered your brother escape the doom so fearfully entailed on himself," said Ralph; "but are we certain the real criminal is as yet secured?"

Mr. Levingstone started, turned round, stopped even in the middle of his walk, and gazed on Ralph with a blank expression of wonder and dismay. Indeed, he was so astonished, that he could not speak.

"I mean," continued Ralph, "that, strong as the conclusive evidence is against this unhappy young man, there is nothing to absolutely convict him as the guilty party. In fact, to my mind, there appears very grave doubts as to his being concerned in the crime at all; and to water your brother's newly made grave with innocent blood would scarcely contribute to his or your own peace of conscience."

Ralph spoke with considerable emphasis. He felt so strongly on the matter himself, that almost unconsciously he threw a strength and dignity into his voice and language as he wound up his speech, uttering the conclusion with even something approaching to authority.

Mr. Levingstone seemed struck for a moment, and still stood silent and reflective, but it did not last long.

"Innocent blood sir!" he exclaimed. No! But it is folly, madness—begging your pardon, sir if, as I understand you think—to imagine for an instant that this upstart beggar is innocent.

"Who is guilty, if he is not? Let me ask you that, sir!"

Alas, no more posing question could have been given in answer to poor Ralph's plea; he too stood silent after it was put, musing how it was best to proceed in his interview with this impetuous little man.

"Who the guilty party is, it is impossible for me to say just directly," Ralph at length replied; "I can only affirm my conviction as to who it is not—for the rest, the real murderer will doubtless be discovered in time.

"You know the old and true saying, sir, 'Murder will out.'"

Again Ralph spoke firmly, confidently, but he was far from feeling so; and as he sat watching the impatient gesture of his auditor, he was in despair, literally at his wit's end how to bring about the end he had hoped to obtain in seeking the interview.

"Bosh, sir, bosh!" exclaimed Mr. Levingstone.

"Who but the confidential clerk, the trusted friend, had access to the banker's books, and the money accounts? Who but this fellow could rob the house?—who else could know how?—leaving alone the point that no one else had the opportunity of destroying my poor, too trusting brother!"

"It is true, sir, appearances are strongly, very strongly against this poor fellow," said Ralph; "but think how often such appearances have proved in the end to have been false and delusive!—and in this case——"

"In this case sir they will not prove so," interrupted Mr. Levingstone. "No, no man in his senses could doubt that villian's guilt; nay, Providence itself pointed him out, that the ends of justice might be answered.

"But for a superhuman Power pointing him out as guilty by his own strange conduct, after the result of his crime became only too clear—but for that, who would have thought it possible that he, of all men, could have done so shocking a deed? No—bad as human nature is, no one would have thought it had come to that' if the thing hadn't been made plain for them, plain enough for the veriest child to see."

Ralph swallowed the imputation of "softness," inadvertently cast upon him by this speech, as quietly as he had done Mr. Northurst's similar thrust.

"You and I see the ordering of a higher Power in exactly the same circumstances, Mr. Levingstone," said Ralph, very meekly; "only we draw precisely opposite conclusions from it.

"You see, in this young man's general appearance and conduct after the commission of the crime was discovered, direct evidence of his own guilt; I, on the contrary, see, unmistakable signs of his innocence.

"Allow me to ask, had you any knowledge of him previous to this, and have you seen him since his committal?"

"I—no, why should I, sir?" said Mr. Levingstone.

"I wouldn't for the world see more of him than I am obliged to.

"As for knowing anything of him before, I may have seen him; I really don't know. I was never much in England, you are aware, Mr. Humphry.

"I knew nothing of the business—nothing whatever; my poor brother managed all that.

"Oh, dear, dear, to think of his being cut off in this dreadful manner! I hardly know how I am to manage without him, my poor brother! And I must stay in England for months at least.

"He gone to an untimely grave, and I detained in a country which never agrees with me, through this miscreant's villany! Sir, it is enough to drive one mad to think of it."

Having very successfully worked himself up into a fever of impetuous excitement, Mr. Alfred Levingstone rushed about the room, looking very hot, very indignant, and very impatient; and fearfully tragic as was the terrible death he lamented, it was scarcely doubtful that his own enforced absence from the accustomed and delightful continental haunts occasioned fully more than half the grief he believed given to his brother's loss, and the urgent desire he felt for speedy vengeance on the murderer. Nor was it any want of charity on Ralph's side to believe that, had not Mr. Levingstone's death necessitated his brother's return and attention to the business he abhorred, the sorrow he would have felt, though very sincere and brotherly in its kind, would have been considerably more moderate in amount, and far less evidently displayed. Much better too would it have fared with the appeal in Bertram's behalf which Ralph desired to make.

After allowing nearly five minutes to elapse, in the hope that the exercise which Mr. Alfred had taken during that period of incessant motion, might have cooled his fury and calmed his judgment, Ralph spoke again.

"It is most natural you should feel very acutely, Mr. Levingstone, under these distressing circumstances, and equally so that you should desire to bring the criminal to Justice.

"Still, in this case, which is, you will allow most peculiar in all the attendant details, will you forgive me for asking you one question, and beseeching you to reflect a moment before answering it. Did this young man's life or death depend solely on your individual fiat, would you feel justified in giving it for death—immediate, irreversible death?"

Mr. Alfred Levingstone did pause at this question, and even reflected, so far as his quick mercurial temperament would allow him to do in its present over excited and effervescent state, but the reply came in less than two minutes.

"Well, I don't know, sir," said he. "It's a queer notion that, like Lynch law, or worse; but you see it don't depend on me, and therefore, thank goodness, I'm well out of such a decision as that—only I know, if I were judge or jury, which way my convictions would go, that's all."

He looked rather triumphantly at Ralph, who felt he was but wasting precious time in what was evidently a vain endeavor to soften the enmity of the other's feelings towards Bertram.

He must make the plunge at once, hopeless as it was.

"Mr. Levingstone," said he, "I came here for a purpose which I fear the state of your feelings and convictions regarding this unfortunate young man will prevent your entertaining very favorably.

"Still, I believe him innocent; and so believing, it is my duty to do all I can for him, not only to prove him so, but, should that fail, to procure a mitigation or postponement, at least for a time, of the sentence which will then surely follow on this trial. With this view I came to you, in the hope, I frankly acknowledge, that I might induce you, on considering all the circumstances of the case, your brother's own affection for the young man, his long years of tried service and good character to yourself, to recommend him to mercy, to the full benefit of the doubt which must necessarily still remain, if no further evidence can be procured as to his actual committal of the sad crime.

"You, as the prosecutor, as the brother of the murdered man, could do so much, if you would, for this unhappy youth. He is very young still, Mr. Levingstone."

Poor Ralph! he saw how vain was his appeal with every word he spoke; the only softening effect which his speech produced on his auditor was as regarded himself. He had anticipated a storm of indignation to fall on his own head at the conclusion of it; but on the contrary, the little man spoke more gently than he had yet done.

"Well, sir," said he, "of course you've a perfect right to your own opinion, though to me it is a very strange, unaccountable one, I must say; but I can't think of doing any such thing, I assure you. You say your duty compels your doing all you can for this young man.

"Well, mine forces me to do all I can against him, and I shall, sir; I must; besides, you forget, I'm not the only prosecutor.

"Confound it! people never seem to remember there's a 'Co.' in the house. Why, there's Ricarbo, you knows a deuced sight more of all the affairs too than I do, quiet as he kept himself. Of course, he has an equal concern in this prosecution with me; at least, not quite as to relationship, of course, but as to the firm and the money. Why, that's all he's a stopping here for; he was to have gone abroad with a rich daughter, or something, but for this. What would he say to such a proposal, I wonder?"

"I mean to ask him, Mr. Levingstone," said Ralph.

"He may not entirely agree with you, as, living in town and visiting the warehouse, he must necessarily have known Bertram, however slightly, better than you do. But his opinion or decision is of much less consequence in the matter than yours for the purpose I wish to accomplish; still, some good it may do—at any rate, I intend seeing him; and now, since my pleadings can avail nothing with you, I will no longer trespass on your time."

"Oh, never mind that," said Mr. Levingstone.

"Indeed, I can do next to nothing just now, and shan't till this trial's over, I dare say.

"I'm sorry we don't agree though, Mr. Humphry.

"However, we shall see who's right in the end; I'm afraid you've too high an opinion of your client; but of course you must do all you can for him."

Mr. Levingstone bowed his visitor out much more cordially than the latter anticipated he would have done, after the discovery of his sentiments regarding one against whom Mr. Alfred's own feelings were so inveterate.

CHAPTER V.

RALPH HUMPHRY'S reflections were not of the most hopeful cast as he pursued his way from the lodgings of the one partner to the house of the other.

Every step he advanced in his case seemed only to show more clearly how little chance there was of any, even the smallest, success attending his endeavours to prove his client's innocence, or even to rescue him from the shameful, premature death which would undoubtedly follow his conviction

If he had failed with Mr. Alfred Levingstone, he had small hope of succeeding with Mr. Ricarbo; none at all, if he corresponded as well with the character he had heard of him from Bertram and others, as did the gentleman he had just parted from with his.

Alfred Levingstone had been described to him as a "good-hearted fellow enough"—gay, but impetuous and fiery when roused, though not gifted with much depth either of feeling or sense.

Mr. Ricarbo, on the contrary, was a man who appeared without any heart at all, so far as the outer world could judge, except so much as was centred in his own and perhaps his family's wealth and enjoyment; but he was a shrewd, sensible man of business, and little likely to be guilty of the folly of letting even a small fault go unpunished, if he had been a loser thereby; consequently, still less likely to be leniently disposed in the present instance.

It was chiefly from Bertram that Ralph had gathered this knowledge of Mr. Ricarbo's qualities, though he had by no means given such a description of him; but speaking unreservedly to his counsel, as that person had insisted he must do, little facts and incidents came out quite sufficiently distinctive for Ralph to form his own judgment, which was corroborated by what he gleaned from others, and Bertram's slight knowledge of Mr. Alfred Levingstone confirmed that impression of his character which had been conveyed to Humphry by others.

Bertram had an evident, though to himself quite unknown dislike towards Mr. Alfred Levingstone, whom he looked on as a cold, selfish, hard merchant, with no soul but in his money, while he regarded the other, possibly because his master had always treated and spoken of him as such, as a grown-up child, amusing and kindly, but not to be consulted in serious affairs, or reposed on when judgment and deliberation were called for.

All this had Ralph Humphry gathered from his colloquy with the prisoner, and a good deal more not so important to digest and reduce to simple facts, but on all which he pondered anxiously as he walked towards the elegant mansion of Mr. Ricarbo. That gentleman, though of undeniably Jewish-Italian descent, had been very anxious to have the fact forgotten, and himself and family thoroughly naturalised in the country of their adoption.

To this end he had considered one of the means to be, taking a large house in one of those semi-fashionable localities near Regent's Part, and here he had been established for several years, and here he also gave many rich and splended entertainments during the season, to guests who, if they did not find pleasure in conversing with their host, did most entirely do homage to the magnificence of his table, and were quite willing for its sake to put up with the bore of being merely civil to the uncongenial master—none of them having the faintest idea of his connection with the Levingstone firm; though some did think "that that creature Ricarbo must have golden business going on in the city, or he never could launch out as he did."

Arrived at the door of this supposed Cressus, Ralph found he was at home—could be seen, and was at once ushered into his presence.

Mr. Ricarbo was in a large sort of morning room, part of which was partitioned off by a large Indian screen, and opposite to this, with his back to the window, in a large, easy chair, sat the gentleman himself.

He rose when Ralph entered, put down the paper he was reading on a heap of others by his side, and motioned the young barrister to a seat near his own.

Ralph looked at his companion: a thin, pale-faced, unprepossessing personage at first sight he certainly appeared, and after a minute's scrutiny opened his business very much in the same way he had previously done with Mr. Levingstone. To his surprise, Mr. Ricarbo by no means negatived his opinions so energetically, or dashed out his hopes so ruthlessly as the other had done.

Nor did he do what Ralph had most expected—calmly but decidedly refuse to enter on the matter at all with the prisoner's counsel.

He listened quietly to all Ralph said, with his eyes fixed on the grate, where a small wood-fire smouldered, though the day was warm and bright, and when he had done, said, after a moment's deliberation, "Well, Mr. Humphry, you speak very sensibly; I only wish I could help you in your laudable design. I assure you it is far from my wish to condemn the young man."

"You do not think him capable of such an atrocious crime, do you, sir?" said Ralph; "you know him and his character well, no doubt?"

Ralph spoke hastily, too much so perhaps; Mr. Ricarbo's brow was a little contracted as he rose from picking up the letter he had dropped, and he again paused ere replying, somewhat more coldly, "Nay, I don't know much of him, and should be very sorry were you to use my authority, sir, in any steps you may take regarding his character. I only said I should be sorry to condemn him—so I should or any one else, if there was a chance of his being innocent.

"I believe every chance, every fact is in favor of Bertram's innocence," returned Ralph, more anxiously, but cautiously; "and I yet hope I may be able to prove this to others."

"You will have some difficulty in doing that I fancy?" said Mr. Ricarbo, and for the first time he glanced furtively at his visitor.

"Possibly," said Ralph; "but he is innocent, and so believing, I also believe his innocence will still be made clear."

"Certainly, it is very humane of you, Mr. Humphry," said Mr. Ricarbo. "As I before said, I am really sorry for the man; still, you see the evidence is strong against him, very strong—don't you think so yourself?"

"I do most assuredly," replied Ralph; "but yet it is of such a sort as admits of doubt, and the benefit of such doubt should

in my opinion, in this instance be liberally given to the prisoner."

"Assuredly, most certainly!" assented Mr. Ricarbo; "but I fear it is impossible for me to help you in this matter.

"Will you help me if you can, Mr. Ricarbo?" said Ralph.

"Yes, if I could do anything in reason, sir; but you must pardon me if I don't feel justified in giving any unreserved promise."

"Nor do I ask one," said Ralph; "all I would desire is that should we fail to prove his innocence, you will agree yourself, and and induce Mr. Alfred Livingstone to agree likewise, that you will on the trial give the prisoner his just due as regards previous conduct and character, and recommend him yourself to mercy, in consideration of that, and the peculiar, not to say doubtful, grounds on which the charge against him stands."

Mr. Ricarbo, who had risen as Ralph spoke, and was now standing on the rug, looking intently into the fire, remained silent for some seconds after Ralph had made his request.

"I see objection to what you wish, Mr. Humphry," he at length replied, somewhat deliberately; "only I must decline taking any prominent part in the affair.

"You see I am in every way but second in this matter to my co-partner, and therefore I think you will agree with me it would not be the thing, to say the least, were I to take an active part in what you propose. It would hardly look well, you know."

Ralph wondered impatiently whether it was "the thing" to weigh appearances against a man's life, but he was too wise to say so, or show he felt.

"At any rate, Mr. Ricarbo, I may tell Mr. Livingstone you agree with me in thinking it would be right to make an effort in this unhappy young man's favor, may I not?" said Ralph; "and should he also think so, but wish you to act in the matter instead of himself, perhaps you would not object?"

Another pause, during which Mr. Ricarbo slightly changed his position, and as Ralph caught a glimpse for a moment of his full face in the light, he was startled by the exceeding pallor of expression.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Golden Blonde.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

"MIND the shop, Abijah," said Uncle Bunkle.

"Yes, sir," said Abijah.

Uncle Bunkle was an old Yorkshireman, and Abijah was his nephew, whom he had elevated from his father's hay-fields to his own counter.

It was an elevation in Abijah's mind, for he had always longed for the town, where he hoped to make a figure. Not only had he a great desire to become a man of fashion but he wished to figure as a poet.

He hoped to be a very great man one day; and, though measuring calico behind the counter of a third-class haberdasher's was not being in the ranks of fashion or the roll of fame, still, as Abijah said, he was on the spot. Some one was sure to notice him.

"I would not be a fortune-hunter for the world," said Abijah, "but if a lady of fortune should fall in love with me, why should I fail to respond?"

It was at this moment that his uncle's voice fell upon his ear.

"Mind the shop, Abijah."

"Yes, sir," replied that youth with a start.

"You're so 'igh hup in the moon, as all the riff-raff in the street might walk off with hanything," continued his uncle, taking up his hat and cane. "I'm going hout for the hair, and you'd better come to yourself."

"Yes, sir," replied Abijah.

"And mind, cash is my motto," repeated Uncle Bunkle. "Hif anyone says 'put hanything in the book,' tell 'em it's contrary to horders. I shan't be back before supper."

Then Uncle Bunkle trotted away. Three or four little girls came in for papers of pins or pieces of braid. An aggravating old woman bought some red flannel, after beating down.

In an hour a matron, followed by many children, came in to inquire why he gave her Sammy a bad penny in change the other day.

It was but a dull life, after all, thought Abijah. The glorious vision that had dusted on him but once might never return again, and all these horrid people would—or others like them—and at that moment he saw some person peeping in at the window, and started and rushed towards it.

It was a golden blonde, and she entered at the door.

She wore a wonderful dress; Abijah could not in the least understand how she got into it, it was such a fit; and had kid gloves with six buttons, a hat of the one-sided kind, and a parasol and fringes.

She sidled up to the counter, and gave him a melting glance, and asked him to show her blue satin ribbon.

With trembling hands Abijah produced it from the case, and there was a little flirtation over it, and she bought a piece.

Then she looked at black net, and then at dress goods—and bit by bit she made a score of purchases, each one a delight to Abijah, for she lifted her eyes to his, and he even touched her fingers once or twice.

Such a flirtation Abijah had never had before.

He talked a great deal too. He told her where he came from, and who his father was, and that he wrote poetry.

And she said that she loved poetry, and would like to read some of his; and then she told him that she was the only daughter and heiress of one of the richest men in York.

It was actually so. An heiress had fallen in love with him,—an heiress and a beauty!

"I should like to hear some of your verses very much," repeated she; "but how could it be done? You, of course, you never take things home?"

"It isn't my department. There's a boy," said Abijah; "but I shall consider it a privilege to fetch home your goods."

"Then I'll be home this evening," said the young lady. "Bring the things to Eton Street, before eight, and I'll pay for them then; that will give me an excuse for asking you into the drawing-room." And she glided away with a smile.

"Just sold a lot of goods, uncle," said Abijah, as Uncle Bunkle re-entered the shop; "ten pounds worth."

"Come, now, that's doing well," said Uncle Bunkle.

"And they're to go home this evening, to be paid on delivery," said Abijah; "and as Peter has a long way to go home, and there's nothing else to deliver, I'll take them under my arm myself for a little exercise."

"Abijah," said Uncle Bunkle, approvingly, "you'll make a business man yet. Never be ashamed of the shop, and never get lazy. Come to tea."

The two went to their meal in the back room behind the shop, where Abijah swallowed his tea at a gulp, scalded his throat with it, choked himself with his toast, and rushed upstairs to dress himself.

In a few minutes more he might have been seen dressed in the best he possessed, tugging an enormous bundle down the street.

"Hallo, Bill" cried his friend, the grocer's assistant at the corner. "Nunkey set you to going errands at last, eh?"

But Abijah did not mind. He had all his poems in his vest pocket.

He was soaked in perspiration when he reached Eton Street.

But he was happy when the servant who opened the door told him that Miss Smith was at home, and added, "If you are the man from the shop, she said you were to come in, please."

And as he sat in the little fusty parlor, smelling of dust and a past "boiled dinner," he did think that the place was rather shabby for the habitation of "one of the wealthiest men in York," though anyone else would have done so.

Finally, Miss Smith came tripping in with her pocket-book.

"You find me residing for a time with an old nurse, a most worthy person," said she. "It's not what I'm used to, but it's a help to the poor soul; and so—but you don't care for that.

"Where are your lovely poems? Do sit down and read them." And Abijah, trembling with joy, deposited the bundle on a table, and read his "Ode to the Moon." When he had finished, she said it was "lovely;" then he gave her his "Sonnet to the Stars;" and she called that "charming;" then, with some clearing of the throat, he rendered, somewhat dramatically, a longer poem, in which the poet—evidently himself—died of love at the feet of his fair lady.

When he had finished, her handkerchief was over her face, and she said, "It was so silly of her to cry; but that was so touching!"

Abijah was almost wild with joy. Suddenly the door-bell rang.

"Gracious!" cried Miss Smith, "that's papa. Fly! Fly! He's so stern, so cruel! Go out the basement way!"

She pushed Abijah down a precarious set of steps and out into the street.

As he lurked in the shadow of the porch he heard a gruff voice say something, and trembled and slunk down the street. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had not been paid for the goods.

He hurried back and ascended the steps. A great fear of his uncle was upon him. He rang the bell.

Surely, no one could object to an honest tradesmen asking for a lawful bill.

No one answered his ring, but a head was softly thrust from an upper window after a little while.

"Go away now," said Miss Smith, softly. "Come to-morrow. Papa goes out at nine. Meanwhile, I think I'll—I'll tell him all. Go. He's loading a pistol."

"Angel!" sighed Abijah, and went his way.

But morning brought sober thoughts to Abijah.

He entered his uncle's presence with fear and trembling, and he could not tell the truth about last night's work, but he was obliged to say that he had been told to call again for the money.

"Hand you left the goods?" cried Uncle Bunkle.

"Why, of course. I felt as if I might be insulting a good customer," said the wily Abijah. "It's a very rich lady, uncle."

"I only 'ope it's right; but hany 'ow you did wrong," said Uncle Bunkle. "Go now and get the money."

"Oh, it's all right!" cried Abijah.

He rushed away, longing for a glimpse of the golden curls, the shaded eyes, the scarlet lips.

When he rang the bell of the shabby house he trembled. Would she open the door?

Instead, an elderly female, with her sleeves tucked up, stood before him.

"Miss Smith?" he began.

"Went away at six this morning," said the woman; "and good riddance of bad rubbish.

"If you are the young man with the bundle that came last night, I suppose you are after money.

"A lot more has been. She's took 'em all in. I didn't know anything of her. I let rooms to her and her 'pa, as she calls him. The rooms were to let, and I needed the money."

"Then you're not her old nurse?" cried Abijah.

"Her old fiddlestick!" screamed the matron. "If I was her nurse, I'd hev washed that white and red off her face, and them black lines out of her eyes. A painted critter! No; you've been taken in, young man."

Abijah returned to Uncle Bunkle disconsolate, and Uncle Bunkle made him yet more miserable by sending him back to his father.

"You may have sense enough to weed turnips," said he; "but I 'aven't 'opes of you in the 'aberdashery line."

CHILDREN'S DROLLERIES.—Not long since a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of which his six-year-old boy was the hero. He says: "I keep a shop and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave a ten-dollar note, and I had to go upstairs to my cash-box. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy: 'Watch the gentleman that he don't steal anything;' and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out: 'Pa, he didn't steal anything—I watched him.' You may imagine what a position I was in."

Children's questions are often no less embarrassing than they are amusing, as may be instanced in the story of the mercenary little boy who overheard a conversation respecting a wedding that was soon to take place. At breakfast next morning he recalled the subject by asking the following question: "Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?"

At a whale exhibition, a youngster is said to have asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them, why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner.

"You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't wan't to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

It is related of another infant inquirer who was looking with great interest at a foaming pan of milk; that he suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, where do cows get the milk from?" "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, in which the mention of tears had evidently recalled certain associations, he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved. A lady, when admiring the stars on a bright night in a tropical climate, was suddenly asked in the most innocent way by her little son of five years old if those were the nails that held up heaven.

A boy who had always refused to eat oatmeal, in spite of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, suddenly surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: "I am bound to eat oatmeal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott."

Little Freddie, when visiting a neighbor's house, was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, but without any show of gratitude. "What do you say, Freddie?" hinted the lady, expecting him to say, "Thank you." "I say it ain't cake," was the impolite response.

The father of a family, after reading from the morning paper that the cold the night before was intense, the thermometer registering many degrees below freezing point, said: "Now, children, I suppose you are taught that at school. Which of you can tell me what the freezing-point is?" "The point of my nose, papa," was the prompt response from one of the youngsters.

A gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The youngster made no reply. "Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?" "'Cause I don't want to get licked," was the answer.

A mother once showed her child a beautiful doll, of fine make and color. "See," she said, "he has been very good; and Heaven always rewards the good by making them beautiful." "Oh," said the child, lifting its shoulders, "don't believe that, mamma. This little St. John looks very meek because he's all glued up; but if he could only move, you'd see!"

The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering. "O, dear!" she exclaimed to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks and be still and stupid for awhile?"

A RECIPE FOR CONTENTMENT.—Try to compute your artificial wants—the number of things which you fancy come under the list of "must haves," merely because other people possess them, and not because you would not be quite as well off and as happy in their absence. Try it for one week, whenever your fingers are tempted to dally with purse-strings. Record in your memorandum book what in view of this you sensibly resolve not to buy, and see what a nice little sum will be left you for real necessaries. It is seldom by these last that one is hampered and annoyed. Make the experiment, and see if it is not so. A just economy is not niggardliness; one need not be a miser in avoiding the extravagance of a spendthrift. M. S.

Bric-a-Brac.

HORSES.—There are few parts of the world in which horses are not to be found. In various parts of Siberia, and at the north-west of China, and on the banks of the Don, they maintain their original independence, and range at pleasure in herds of several hundreds, having always one or more as an advance guard, to alarm against approaching danger. In South America, likewise, horses are found wild in vast abundance.

MEASURED MUSIC.—Francis, a monk of Cologne (who wrote at the end of the eleventh century), is the earliest writer upon the subject measured music whose writings are preserved. He does not claim to be the first who wrote of Time, but says he shall insert without scruple what others have said well upon the subject, correct their errors, and support with good reasons whatever he himself has invented upon the subject.

THE STING OF THE NETTLE.—The stinging hairs of the nettle possess glands at their bases which secrete the poison felt when the nettle is touched. "The slightest touch breaks the point, and the poison fluid with which the hair is charged, at once flows into the skin and produces the characteristic pain and after effects." When placed under a microscope the contents of the hair are seen in a constant state of motion. Waves of contraction roll along its whole length, and minor streams of minute granules hurry here and there through the substance of the interior.

SEALS.—There are nineteen species of that half human inhabitant of the sea, called seals. They are even more like men than monkeys are, and live in social communities, and display great sagacity and mutual affection. The females are especially interesting in their duties to the young; and among some species but one male and one female co-habit, while in others polygamy is practiced with regular family government. For the sake of oil, man is their merciless destroyer. The smaller species are called sea-calves, and the larger, or ursine, sea-horses. They are often mistaken for the fabulous creature, the mermaid.

TIME FOR DINNER.—"The landmarks of our fathers," writes Steele in 1710, "are removed and planted further up on the day. In my own memory the dinner hour has crept by degrees from 12 o'clock to 3; where it will end nobody knows." In the reign of George II. the fashionable dinner hour was 4 o'clock; in that of the "farmer King" 6 o'clock; and, during the reign of that pattern of propriety, George IV., 7 o'clock; and if we could get embalmed for 200 years we should see it come back to 10 in the morning. It is but fair to add that our Continental neighbors have not yet overtaken us, for in 1835 the King of Sweden dined at 1, and the Emperor of Germany still dines at 5 o'clock.

PRIMOGENITURE.—The right of primogeniture is a usage brought down from the earliest times. The first-born in the patriarchal ages had a superiority over his brethren, and in the absence of his father was priest to the family. In some parts of England, by the ancient customs of gavel-kind and borough-English, primogeniture was superseded. It came in with the feudal law in 1066. The rights of primogeniture were abolished in France in 1790. Gavel-kind, derived from the Saxon words for "give all suitably," or from those signifying "land yielding rent," is the custom in Kent of dividing paternal estates in land—the wives to have half, the rest equally among male children, without any distinction. Borough-English was an ancient tenure by which the younger son inherited.

KNOWLEDGE IN A NUTSHELL.—A cubit is two feet. A pace is three feet. A fathom is six feet. A palm is three inches. A league is three miles. There are 2,750 languages. A great cubit is eleven feet. Two persons die every second. Bran, twenty pounds per bushel. Sound moves 743 miles per hour. A square mile contains 640 acres. A barrel of ice weighs 600 pounds. Slow rivers flow five miles per hour. A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. An acre contains 4,480 square yards. Oats, thirty-three pounds per bushel. Barley, forty-eight pounds per bushel. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. A span is ten and seven-eighths inches. A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour. A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour. A rapid river flows seven miles per hour. Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel. Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour. Coarse salt, eighty-five pounds per bushel. A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour. The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

DICK'S HAT-BAND.—There are some old proverbial comparisons which are quite unexplainable. Take for example, "as queer as Dick's hat-band." Who will tell us where this came from? Who was Dick, and what was the matter with his hat-band? The phrase is very old, and has been in use for generations, and the mystery of its origin and if its supposed recondite significance has from time to time been the subject of perserving investigation by curious persons. But nothing very satisfactory has yet been discovered. There was a custom prevailing in this country at the beginning of the century, though it is nearly obsolete now, of hiring farm servants at certain periodical gatherings, called "mops." The laborers who came to be hired used to intimate their calling by wearing certain insignia round their hats—a wisp of hay denoting a carter, a wisp of straw a thatcher, a plait of horse-hair a ploughman, and so on; now, if the Dick of the queer hat-band was a candidate for service on any such occasion, the circumstances that gave rise to his renown may be easily imagined.

MEETING AND PARTING.

BY IDA GLENWOOD.

How little we know of each other,
As we meet here awhile, and then part!
How little we know of the sorrows,
The pain, or the joy of each heart!
Our hands fondly clasp at the greeting,
We join them again ere we go,
Yet how little we know of each other,
In this Journey of Life here below.

How little we know of each other—
Of the erring we meet on the way,
Or how often the faint heart has struggled
With the tempter which leads it astray;
Of the fightings, relentings, and fallings
Of the weary ones struggling for right;
Oh, how little we know as we pass them,
How much we might aid in the fight.

How little we know of each other,
As we mingle in Life's bustling throng!
Now a light foot trips hurriedly past us;
Now there's music, and laughter, and song.
But we see not the wounds deeply hidden
'Neath the covering so joyous and bright!
O, how little we know of each other,
How little we aid in the right.

How little we know of each other,
In this Journey of Life here below!
We meet for a while, and then sever,
Yet clasp trembling hands ere we go!
But there is a Land o'er the River,
Where no parting or heartache shall come—
There, there we shall know one another,
When the Father's dear children get Home.

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT WILL SHE BECOME."

A YOUNG GIRL sat sewing in a large room in the upper story of a house in the city of St. Petersburg; as she sewed, she sang in a rich, strong soprano voice an air from an Italian opera.

When I say that the room was in the upper story, my reader will be aware that the girl was not of noble birth.

In St. Petersburg, the same house is often occupied by ten or twelve different families of ten or twelve different ranks.

The lower flat is generally very handsome, with marble floors, lofty ceilings, and magnificently furnished, the home of a prince or noble.

The upper flats are much plainer, and are let in small suits of apartments to persons of smaller means.

This house was no exception to the rule.

On the first floor lived Prince Orrloff, with his splendid retinue of serfs; while the upper flats contained quite an assembly of nameless and obscure folks, artists, teachers, retired officers, German ministers, and Armenian priests.

All St. Petersburg might be burned down and the inmates of this house could have formed almost a complete political community, in which every rank would have found a representative.

Captain Cazlett occupies four rooms on the second flat, and it is his daughter who sits singing at her work.

The room is large and comfortably furnished, and the windows are wide open, for the day is hot.

One glance around will reveal the calling of the girl's father.

He is a sailor.

Rare shells, strange birds, and numerous other treasures from far-off lands, adorn every table and shelf, and a large green parrot is loudly screaming in its gilded cage.

"Be quiet, you detestable wretch!" cries the girl angrily, for the parrot's voice does not accord with her own.

"Oh! yes, you want to come out, but you shall not. I'm busy."

Her address to the offending bird is cut short by a knock at the door.

"Enter, if you please," said the girl, her voice changing its sharp tone for one of melting sweetness.

She looked up from her sewing with a glad smile of welcome, but it died away, and a shade of disappointment crossed her brow, as a small dark man, about forty years of age, entered the apartment.

He was not, evidently, the expected guest.

"Ah! Uncle Guido, it is you; are you not home very early?"

"Yes, Feodora, I came early that I might be here to receive your father. I have invited Alexis Paulowitch to supper to-night."

"Bah! Why did you do that? I hate the stupid fellow! He is a perfect clown in his long caftan, and his great ugly feet! You know that I hate him; why did you ask him?"

"Feodora, I know you do not love the poor fellow, but he is your intended husband, and your father would be very angry if Alexis were not here to welcome him home."

The girl did not reply, but her face was flushed, and she did not try to conceal her annoyance; she threw down her work, and busied herself preparing the supper.

Her uncle sighed and spoke gently, as if deprecating her wrath.

"You have some plan which I have interfered with. What is it?"

She hesitated a moment, and then replied, fretfully:

"Octave Platoff promised to come in before supper."

Her uncle started.

"Feodora, do you mean to say that you have broken your promise, and that you encourage Count Platoff's attentions? Did I not tell you that the admiration of nobles was fatal to a girl of your class?"

She shrugged her shoulders and turned impatiently away.

"I don't encourage him at all, uncle. He does not need any encouragement. I don't think nobles are half as dreadful as you make out. They are very, very pleasant. If I meet that stupid Alexis, all he does is to say: 'How do you do?' Bah! I hate the sight of him, but Count Octave lifts his hat and smiles so beautifully and says: 'Ah, Feodora, how fresh, how beautiful you look, your cheeks are like the roses in the garden of the Grand Duke, and your eyes are brighter than the stars.' Of course I like Octave the best; my father cannot make me love Alexis, although he may force me to marry him."

Sadly the little man looked at his niece, who exulted in the admiration of Count Octave, for too well he knew all that admiration was likely to lead to.

"Feodora, you are very foolish; Count Octave has nothing else to do but smile, and flatter all the silly girls he meets, while Alexis has his living to get. Besides, my child, Alexis loves you truly, while this Count is only trying to turn your head. Perhaps he has made a bet that he will do it. Often these nobles so amuse themselves, and at the same time they care nothing for the foolish girl they seek to ruin. Why do you compare Alexis with the Count? As well might Alexis compare you to the noble ladies he sees, but the good fellow is not so silly. He knows that it would be folly for him to think twice of their fair faces, and you ought to know it is useless for you to think of the Count."

"Yes, but Count Octave says I am more beautiful than any of the ladies; even the daughters of the Grand Duke are not so fair."

She stood before the mirror, and coquettishly threw back her long flaxen hair, as she spoke.

"Well, Feodora, I am grieved that you should take such pleasure in your beauty. I know you are fair, but, my child, your beauty will not make you happy unless you are good."

"So I am. I am good," said the girl, saucily. "Now, uncle, you were the first one who told me I was pretty. When you came from Italy you told my father I was beautiful, and that my voice only needed cultivation to make it better than any of the prime donne who had come out for years. My father won't let me go on the stage, and I will not marry Alexis and cook and knit away my life; let him get some one else. I was not made for work, look at me—am I not beautiful? I am not vain, everybody tells me I am pretty, even stupid Alexis, clown though he is."

Yes, she was beautiful; it was useless to deny it.

Her mother was a Russian, her mother an Italian, and she seemed gifted with all the beauties of both nations.

She had the pure, white, wax-like skin and flaxen hair of a child of the north united with the dark restless eyes and fiery grace, that is rarely met except in southern climes.

Her height was majestic, her form perfectly moulded, and graceful in the extreme, her features were refined and delicate, and her complexion dazzling in its exquisite fairness.

Her eyes were large and intensely black, and were rendered more expressive by possessing long jetty lashes, which swept over the smooth rosy cheeks, as if enchanted by their delicate bloom.

Marvellously lovely was the young Russian girl, and well she knew it.

Proudly she surveyed herself, and began loudly singing as she had done before her uncle's entrance.

"Uncle, I will be a singer. Listen while I sing this air; have I not learnt it very quickly."

"Yes, child, you have. I wish your father would give his consent; but like all his countrymen he is obstinate. I tremble for you when I go away, and your father is at sea, with no one to look after you. What will you become? Ah! What will you become?"

Feodora paid no attention to the sorrowful murmur.

She took no notice of the question, as long as her own beauty was the subject of discussion.

She gave that her closest attention, but when her uncle wandered to other topics she lost all interest in the conversation.

Another knock at the door made her start, and the glow on her cheek deepened, as she bid the second guest enter.

This time Feodora was not to be disappointed, for Count Octave stood before her.

He was a tall, well-made young man, dressed in the gay uniform of a cavalry officer, but his face was not prepossessing.

One glance of his bold, reckless eyes was enough to convince the observer of his nature.

Count Octave was a dissipated *roue*, and took very little pains to conceal the fact.

"Ah! Feodora, my angel, I am a little late, but I could not help it; odious duty has kept me from you all these weary tedious hours, but my heart has been with you."

As he came forward with extended hand towards the blushing girl, Octave became aware that she was not alone, and his smiles changed to scowls at once.

Guido rose and bowed respectfully to the nobleman, for the Russian nobles are used to force respect from their so-called inferiors by the strong arm of the law, if they cannot do it otherwise.

Guido bowed low, but a close observer could detect a fierce light flashing in his dark Italian eyes, and his hand involuntarily stole to his breast and closed on the hilt of his stiletto concealed there.

"And as you are not alone, Feodora, I will say adieu," and the officer turned as if to go.

"Stay, Count Octave," cried she. "This is my uncle."

"Oh, indeed, I feared I might be an interloper. I thought it was a *tete-a-tete*," said the Count, with an ill-concealed sneer.

He sat down with a half frown on his face and played listlessly with the tassels of his sword, evidently waiting for Guido to take his departure.

The Italian did not appear to observe this.

The Count, after a few moments silence, addressed him.

"I wish to see your niece alone, sir, if you have no objections."

This was uttered in a tone of haughty resentment, for Count Octave had rarely been crossed in the whole course of his wilful life.

"I have objections, sir," replied Guido firmly.

The Count sprang to his feet with a smothered oath and clapped his hand on his sword.

"How dare you!" he shouted in a voice of thunder.

"Keep cool," said the Italian, while a smile that was not pleasant to see crossed his dark face. "I dare to refuse to leave my niece alone with a man who boasts that he is the worst man in St. Petersburg. You don't know me, but I have heard of you, Count Octave Platoff, and corrupt as the law in St. Petersburg is, it will protect us from your violence."

Platoff eyed the speaker as if the next moment he would spring upon him and add murder to the numberless crimes he had already committed, but something in the Italian's face cowed him, his hand dropped down, and he resumed his seat.

"Feodora, what do you say to this?" he asked, turning to the young girl, who stood speechless, her eyes dilated with horror, her bosom heaving convulsively.

"Oh! for the love of heaven, stop. Uncle Guido! Count Octave! I thought you were about to kill one another. Why should you quarrel? Uncle Guido, I don't want the law to protect me from Octave—he has often been here with me alone."

A blush dyed her cheek as she spoke.

Her uncle looked at her, and his gaze was a silent reproach.

"I will not say anything to you, Feodora, but this man must not be here when your father returns."

"Oh! no; that is true. You had better go, Octave. My father is coming home this evening."

He arose, in obedience to her request, and turned to go.

"When shall I see you again, Feodora?" he asked, stopping at the door.

She signed him away.

"I do not know," she replied hurriedly.

"Shall I send Carlotta to you," he inquired again, pausing.

"Yes, yes, go, for pity sake."

He closed the door, and in a moment more his footsteps and the clanking of his sword had died away in the distance.

Not a word did Guido speak, but Feodora dared not look up to meet the angry glance she well knew was riveted on her face.

"Feodora, how long has this been going on?" at length the uncle inquired, so mildly that the girl started.

"Ever since the winter I met him on the ice, the day of the fete on the river. I went with Carlotta, and she knew him, and he drove me home in his sleigh. Oh! uncle, he truly loves me. He says he never loved another."

Guido rose, and crossing the room, sat down by the agitated girl, put his arm around her, and fondly smoothed the long, flaxen hair that hung in glossy magnificence far past her slender waist.

"Dear child, do not think I am angry with you. I am not. I am a little angry with myself for not taking better care of my little white pigeon, but never mind, all will yet be well."

Feodora felt very much reassured by her uncle's kindness, and quite ready to answer his questions, for she felt far more love for her mother's brother than she had ever done for her own father.

Feodora's mother had died in her infancy and the girl could not even remember her face.

She had lived very much alone, for her father was not often at home, and Guido's visits to St. Petersburg were generally very short ones.

This time, however, the Italian had remained in Russia for six months, but he was only at home in the evening, for his professional duties as a singing master occupied the day.

Feodora was barely sixteen years of age, and although her uncle had begun to feel anxious for fear her rare and matchless beauty would attract the eye of some of the numerous wild and dissipated nobles that thronged the Russian capital, still he had no idea of the immediate danger that involved his beautiful niece, till now that the fact burst upon him with the suddenness of a flash of lightning; still he must conceal his horror in order to ascertain the full extent of the mischief and to avert the blow if possible.

Too well he knew the anger of Feodora's father, if one word of this story should reach his ears.

Captain Cazlett was a passionate, hasty man, and like all sailors, quick to avenge a wrong.

Guido absolutely trembled should Feodora's father, in his bitter indignation at the insult offered to his child, attempt to retaliate on the powerful noble.

Many men have pined away their lives in Siberia for a like offence.

Yes, this secret must be kept from Captain Cazlett.

"Count Octave has been here before?" said the uncle, after a short pause.

"Yes, often. He used to come almost every day. At first Carlotta used to be with me; but lately Octave and Carlotta quarrel so, that she will not come any more when he is here."

Of course the uncle detected the trick that had deceived Feodora.

This quarrel had been made up on purpose, and in reality Carlotta and Octave were the best of friends.

"You are aware that your father would not approve of this intimacy with the Count, are you not?"

"Oh, yes, he hates the nobles. He never allows me to go out when he is at home, and the last time he went away he wished to take me with him, for he says I will get into mischief if I am left to myself. Why is my father so bitter and cold? He says all women are vain and foolish."

"Because his only sister ran away from home with one of these nobles, and no one ever heard of her again."

"Did she? I never heard of that."

"No, your father will not allow it to be spoken of. Bertha was her name, and she was very beautiful. Your father says you are his sister over again, only Bertha's eyes were blue."

The uncle questioned the girl no further, but he determined to make one more effort to induce Captain Cazlett to allow his daughter to follow his inclinations and become a public singer; and if he refused, to gently hint that it was no longer safe to leave the girl alone in the great city.

CHAPTER II.

THE BETROTHED.

CAPTAIN CAZLETT sat at supper with his daughter, her uncle, and Alexis Paulowitch, Feodora's intended husband.

Yes, Feodora's betrothed, for the young girl had been promised to him a year before.

A very curious custom still prevails in Russia.

On Whit-Monday all the young people of the middle class meet at the summer gardens for the purpose of choosing husbands and wives.

The girls go dressed in their best, and, no doubt, looking their sweetest and prettiest, and stand in a long row along the most public parterre.

They are generally accompanied by their mothers, or by some female relative older than the fair one herself.

The young men, accompanied by their fathers, then appear upon the scene, and walking up and down before the row of silent, blushing maidens, who are, doubtless, on tiptoe of expectation, the youth makes up his mind which of the fair ones he will honor with his hand and heart.

For eight days the girls are left in a state of uncertainty, when they again repair to the same place.

This time, however, they do not stand in a row to be gazed upon, but walk about, and chat together in little groups.

Presently the young men arrive, and, each one, after screwing his courage up to the sticking place, goes up to the blushing damsel who seems fairest in his sight, and invites her to walk with him.

Happy marriages are very often the result of this strange custom.

The girls are free to refuse any young man who fails to please them, and to try again next year; but many hapless maidens have lived to regret their rashness in doing so, and gone, year after year, only to see the younger and more lovely girls led away, while they were left lamenting.

Whit-Monday would raise fresh hopes every year, only to dash them to the ground again.

These unfortunate spinsters, instead of being objects of compassion, as they deserve to be, are very often only subjects for merriment on the part of their younger companions.

So the safest plan for a prudent girl is to accept the first offer, for she may never get a second.

Captain Cazlett was a real Russian, and had insisted on carrying out this sensible plan for disposing of an eligible daughter, and Feodora had been conducted on the previous Whit-Monday to the summer gardens.

She had received no less than three offers, and her father had accepted Alexis as her future husband.

To the girl herself the whole proceeding had been intensely revolting, and she hated Alexis more on account of the way in which she had formed his acquaintance.

The young man was well aware of the feeling his betrothed entertained for him, and tried to win her heart by quiet and unobtrusive attentions.

Before her father, Feodora could not slight Alexis, but when he was not present she treated him with haughty coldness.

Alexis loved her tenderly; he was enchanted by her beauty, and her reserve only served to increase his passion.

Feodora sat beside her uncle, and rarely spoke except in answer to the questions addressed to her by her father or Alexis.

Guido knew what a trying scene she had just passed through, and he endeavored to spare her as much as possible.

Her father was struck by her silence and he fancied that she looked pale and dejected.

"Feodora, my daughter, what ails you? Has Alexis proved untrue?"

The girl flashed a scornful glance at poor Alexis, who blushed deeply, but could think

of nothing to say, although he was dying to declare that his love could know no change.

"No, my father. I do not think so. My head aches sadly. I would like to go out and walk by the river."

"Well, child, that can be done; when we finish supper we will walk out."

When the meal was cleared away, Feodora tied on her little straw hat, and, taking Alexis' arm with an unseen grimace, started for her walk, followed by her father and her uncle.

"Now is the time to hint of Feodora's danger to her father," thought the latter.

They walked on till they reached the bank of the beautiful river.

Under the trees that lined its sides the two men sat down and allowed the young couple to stroll on.

"They are a handsome pair," said the father proudly.

"Yes; she is very beautiful."

"And is not Alexis as well-looking as any in St. Petersburg?"

"Yes, I wish that Feodora thought so also."

"And does she not? She loves him surely. I told her to."

"Yes, but love does not come at anyone's bidding, and it has not come at yours. Feodora does not love this young man. It is cruel to force her to marry him. She will not be happy. Look at her; can you not tell by her face that hers will be no common lot? Give her to me. I love her better than all the world, and I will watch her with more than a father's care, and sadly does she need that care now."

"What!" cried the father loudly, in great surprise.

"Hush, it is nothing—nothing but my foolish fancies. The child is too lovely to live here any longer alone. I must go back to my own country very soon, and you will be away, and the men of St. Petersburg are not blind. They have eyes that see her beauty, and tongues to tempt her, and she will be lost. Give her to me, before it is too late."

"I cannot, I will not give my only child to walk upon the stage for hire and be a gazing stock for men and fools; but you are right, it will not do to leave her here alone. Let her marry the man who loves her. I have promised her to him. You say that she does not love him; never mind, she will learn to. He is a good fellow, and steady."

Guido shook his heady sadly.

"It will not do, it will not do. I fear for her, she does not love him."

As he spoke, Feodora drew near, still leaning on the arm of her lover, her face clouded, and an angry light burning in the depths of her great dark eyes.

What a pair!

He, a stout young peasant, with no thought of anything beyond his work, and no passion save warm love for his beautiful promised wife.

She, a restless being, full of ambitious longings for higher rank, riches, and, above all, change; hating her life and all its weary monotony; hating herself because she was not different, and above all hating this man to whom she was to be tied.

Half of Feodora's discontent was apparent in her face as she came up to her father, and, for the first time, he felt doubtful if he was acting wisely by her.

He was a man of little imaginative powers, but he wished to act kindly to his motherless daughter; he could not understand her nature and had no idea of the wild tumult that raged in her heart.

He thought she should be very happy if she would only marry Alexis and live quietly.

What more could a woman want?

Let her sew and knit, and look after the house.

That was all that was necessary for women.

Feodora would have stamped her little feet and gnashed her pearly teeth could she have heard these sentiments, but fortunately Captain Caslett was one of those men who told his daughter what to do, and did not tell the reason why.

Alexis did not observe anything wrong with Feodora.

He felt very happy to be with her and feel the little hand on his arm and watch the beautiful face.

In describing Feodora, I have omitted to mention a very peculiar mark, low down on her cheek, or rather on her neck; a large spot, as black as jet, looking like a single drop of ink on the pure white skin.

Guido called it a beauty spot, but Feodora disliked the look of it very much.

"I wish I could cut it out," she would say peevishly, rubbing the black mark.

But it had been born with her and she would carry it to her grave.

"Alexis, I wish to speak to you," said Captain Caslett.

"Yes, sir; what is it?" inquired Alexis, gaily.

"Come; I wish to speak to you privately, Alexis."

The Captain rose from his seat, and, putting his hand through the young man's arm led him away.

"Alexis, are you ready to marry Feodora? I must go away in a short time, and Guido to Rome next week. It is not right for the girl to live alone. She is too beautiful, and some of the noble gentlemen will be sure to notice her, and you know as well as I what that leads to."

The young man's eyes sparkled, and he grasped the sailor's hand warmly, exclaiming:

"It is my dearest wish. I will be so happy. I wished to speak of this before, but I lacked the courage. Feodora is so young that I did not think you would consent."

A relieved look passed over the father's face.

"Thank you, Alexis, you have lifted a load from my mind. I can sail away with a light heart, thinking my motherless girl has a protector to shield her from danger. You can live in my house when I am away, and you will always give me a welcome when I come home."

"Oh, yes. Come let us go back and tell Feodora."

Alexis spoke so confidently that the Captain thought that Guido must have spoken unadvisedly when he said that Feodora did not love the young artisan.

Guido sat by his niece while this conversation was taking place, and both uncle and niece knew well what was passing between the two men, though neither of them spoke of it.

"Uncle Guido, I have a strange feeling tonight," she said. "I feel as though something was going to happen; did you ever experience that sensation?"

"Yes," he replied, with a startled look. "I think it is the family heritage. I always know when some strange event is to take place by an odd feeling here," and he placed his hand on h s heart.

"And so do I. Did any of our family ever feel it before us?"

"Oh! yes, they all do. One of your ancestresses was a great beauty and a grand lady at the court. She always felt this presentiment strongly before death, or indeed any event of importance."

"What became of her?" asked the girl, for nothing pleased her more than to hear of her mother's family, which had once been great and noble.

"She was very unfortunate. She was a somnambulist, and one night one of the princesses woke in a fright, and there, by her bed, stood Isadora with a stiletto in her hand. The princess screamed out and the attendants came in and the poor lady was sent away from court, for the princess was incensed against her and declared that Isadora loved the Spanish noble who was to marry her, and that your great grandmother was about to murder her."

"And what became of her then?"

"She went away and lived in seclusion; she married, and had two beautiful children, but she pined away and died very young. She grieved for the pleasures of the gay court life, and felt keenly the disgrace of being dismissed."

"Poor thing," said Feodora, softly.

She could sympathize with the lady dismissed from court and obliged to live quietly after being a beauty and a belle.

"Have you ever seen a portrait of her?" she asked.

"Yes, and if you ever come to Rome I will show it to you. She is represented in her grand black velvet dress, with snowy pearls about her neck and in her hair, just as she stood before the queen."

"And she is beautiful?"

"Yes, superbly beautiful."

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Feodora's father, for he came up to the seat at this moment, and observed his daughter's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Of one of Feodora's mother's family," said Guido.

Now the Captain did not approve of his daughter's head being filled with these old-time stories, and he thought it only unsettled her mind and made her feel very much discontented.

"Let us talk of something better than people who have been in their graves so many years," he said, taking a seat by his daughter's side. "Feodora, Alexis wants a wedding, and so do I; when will it be?"

The girl started and grew white.

She knew it must one day come, but she so hated the thought of this marriage, that she never allowed her mind to dwell on it.

"My daughter, you need not start. You have promised to marry Alexis, and you are old enough now. I will never go to sea again and leave you here alone. Your uncle must go away next week, and who is more suitable to look after you than your husband?"

The girl looked at her uncle Guido reproachfully.

Had he betrayed her secret to her father, and hurried on this most detestable marriage?

Her whole soul revolted when she felt that she would be tied to Alexis for life.

What could she do?

She sat speechless.

The river, the shining river, with its gay pleasure boats, full of happy, laughing people seemed to dance before her eyes, and she clenched her hands till she drove the finger nails into the white palms.

Alexis stood with a happy smile upon his face till he observed the ashy face of his betrothed wife.

Then the poor fellow realized how little she loved him.

Indeed, had he not been of so unsuspicious a nature, he would have seen that she hated him; but he could not think the girl he loved, that he had always been kind to, could harbor such a wicked feeling in her heart.

"Come, Feodora, this is not kind to Alexis. Stand up and give him your hand, and be thankful that Providence has sent you a kind husband."

The girl dared not disobey.

She rose mechanically and put her hand in the broad outstretched palm, but a shiver passed over her whole frame, and her face grew still whiter as she did it.

What a scene!

What happiness could come of such a marriage?

Guido watched his niece apprehensively; he saw the fearful struggle going on in her heart and pitied her deeply.

Like Feodora, the Italian possessed strong passions; he knew how she could love or hate, and he was also aware of what an intense repugnance she felt toward marrying Alexis.

"Come, father, let us go home," were the first words uttered by the unhappy bride-elect.

Her voice had a tone of desperation and sorrow, and her face was set with an expression of wild despair.

As they turned to go, they met a crowd of gay young officers who were strolling along, laughing and talking, their swords clanking on the gravel walks and the gold eagles on their uniforms glistening in the setting sun.

As they passed, each and every one of them gave Feodora a bold recognizing stare, and one lifted his hat, while a murmur of admiration from the others reached the Captain's ears.

"Ah! how pretty the little siren is!"

The sailor glared at the speaker, but the young men pushed on, with a light laugh.

The girl blushed deeply and hung her head, for she recognized Octave.

She felt that this tribute to her beauty was only an insult, and she saw that, angry as her father was, he dared not resent it.

Alexis looked in the face of his beautiful companion and mistook the deep flush for one of anger.

He did not speak to her of the officers, for the incident was one of common occurrence in St. Petersburg.

"The scoundrels," cried the indignant father. "How dare they insult a modest girl? What would it be if she were alone? You were right, Guido; I have been very blind. I am glad my eyes are open now before it is too late."

Guido sighed.

"Ah!" he thought, "if you knew all, you would think it was too late.

The family party sat up late that night discussing the future prospects of the young people.

Feodora sat, with a strange half-wild look on her face, her eyes dilated, and her cheeks flushed.

When Alexis rose to go, he bent over the young girl's chair, and, taking her hand in his, kissed her lips.

She started violently and arose with an exclamation of anger.

"Ah, Feodora, don't be cross! I will be your husband before three weeks."

"Will you?" cried the girl, passionately. "Well, you are not my husband yet. How dare you touch me?"

She wiped her face as she spoke, and her bosom rose and fell with the beating of her heart.

Poor Alexis stood meekly before her.

"I am sorry," he said pitifully.

"Hush, Feodora!" said her father. "It is nothing, girl. You have spoilt her," he added, turning to Guido.

The three men left the room together.

The father and uncle accompanied the young man down stairs.

When the girl was left alone, she threw herself on the floor and sobbed aloud with rage.

"Oh what shall I do? It may help me."

The tone in which this petition was uttered made it sound strangely unlike a prayer, and the clenched hands and flashing eyes betrayed the spirit which had prompted it.

"Oh, may the saints defend me from this base-born wretch! Oh! Mother Mary, will you allow this fearful father to marry me to this ingrate?"

She lay where she had thrown herself down till she began to dread her father's return.

Then she arose, and, lighting a taper, left the room, and went to her own room, which was across the corridor.

It was a large room, handsomely furnished, and two long windows looking out on the street.

They were both open, and the curtains were drawn aside.

Feodora closed the curtains and locked the bedroom door.

She then walked to a large black walnut bureau and drew out one of the drawers.

The girl took out a long black cloak and put it on.

She then blew out the candle and approaching the window, sat down.

She waited patiently, and heard her father and uncle return to the room which she had left.

The walls were too thick for sounds to penetrate, but she knew they were talking, and judged it was about herself.

"Oh, I wish they would go to bed," she said, as half an hour passed and the two men still sat talking in the opposite room.

The curtains were still closed, but the windows were yet open, and Feodora sat listening.

Suddenly a long, low whistle broke the stillness of the night.

The girl drew away the curtains carefully, and her eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness could plainly distinguish the form of a tall man on the opposite side of the ill-lighted street.

The whistle was repeated, for the watcher seemed to grow impatient.

Feodora waved a handkerchief three times; the signal was returned, and then the man walked away.

Still the girl sat waiting.

Ten minutes passed and the tall man returned.

Again the girl gave the same signal, and again he moved on.

Then, to her great relief, she heard her father and her uncle retire to their own apartments.

Ten minutes after the man again signaled, and this time the girl waved her handkerchief once, and the watcher remained motionless for a moment, and then he crossed the street, and stood below her window.

All was still.

She left her seat and softly unlocked the door, and then stood listening anxiously.

Not a sound came along the lofty corridor.

Feodora drew the hood of her cloak over her head and passed noiselessly through the hall and down the stairs.

The cold night wind swept through the lower corridor, for it was open like a court, and in the high doorway stood the figure of the man she had waited for so long.

When the girl reached his side he took her in his arms, and kissing her fondly, exclaimed:

"I have been watching your window for two long hours. Have you been sleeping, my beautiful bird?"

"Oh, no, Octave; but I have bad news for you."

"I am sorry to hear that; but come away, Carlotta is waiting, and she will be very cross."

In a small room in the second story of a house in the next street, a gay party were assembled together.

Two officers, bold dashing fellows, who seemed born for the express purpose of spending money, sat drinking red wine and eating dried fruit.

Across the table sat two females, gaily dressed, and laughing loudly, without a particle of restraint, though they were evidently of much humbler standing than their male companions.

They did not allow this trifling fact to interfere with their enjoyment, but joked and talked with great freedom.

"I wish Octave would come back," said one of the gentlemen, leaning back in his chair, and stroking his moustache. "I am dying to see the little Feodora. I have as yet only had a passing glimpse at her."

One of the girls looked at the speaker rather indignantly.

"You need not want to see Feodora. Count Octave will not allow anyone to look at her."

The officer smiled at the girl's ill-concealed jealousy.

"Oh, Carlotta, you need not be afraid. I am not going to transfer my affection from you to the little girl. You are more in my style. I don't like such very young girls. They are decidedly uninteresting."

The speaker pulled his moustache again with a smile of supreme happiness when he saw that an angry flush crossed Carlotta's face.

The other girl laughed loudly.

"There, Carlotta, do you hear that? If you don't get off next Whit-Monday, I fear it will be all up with you."

Carlotta did not reply, she rose and looked out of the window.

She was a very handsome girl of seven-and-twenty.

She was very dark, and her heavy black eyebrows gave her rather a sinister look.

"Ah! Prince Wittenstein, you have made Carlotta angry," said the younger girl.

The Prince rose and followed the angry beauty.

Her sat down and took her hand in his.

"You are not angry with me?" he said softly.

The girl kept her head averted, and her large dark eyes were full of tears, for the jest had wounded her feelings.

"Carlotta you are cross."

He dropped the hand he held and walked away.

He was a very handsome young man, tall, well-made, and fair, and his dark-blue uniform, with its golden eagles, set off his handsome figure and fair skin to perfection.

He began to whisper to the other girl and laugh.

Carlotta could stand it no longer.

She approached the table, and took a seat near the other officer.

She, too, began to laugh and chat, and soon she had forgotten her anger and was engaged in a lively conversation with her companion.

This did not seem to please the Prince very well.

He, for a time, flirted with Olga, and when he saw that Carlotta took no notice, he rose and yawning listlessly, said to the other officer:

"I say Kemptio, I am going."

Carlotta smiled and hummed a tune, as if the Prince's movements were perfectly indifferent to her.

He looked at her angrily.

"Why are you going? Won't you stay till Platoff comes.

"No; I have offended the lady of the house and am no longer welcome."

He said this with curling lips and a glance around the poorly furnished room that sent the red blood rushing to Carlotta's cheeks.

She stood with her arm resting on the table, and cheek on her hand, evidently undecided whether to let him go or request him to remain.

She allowed her eyes to rest on his face, and that young, handsome face touched her woman's heart.

"I am ready to look over what you said, Prince Constantine," she said, quietly.

He drew near her, and took her hand in his.

"Oh! Carlotta, how could you be angry with one who loves you so?" asked the young Prince with great apparent earnestness.

Harmony was restored, and merry smiles and singing took the place of anger.

"Oh! it is no use for us to sing," said Olga, after she had just joined in the chorus of a drinking song which was sung with more emphasis than music by the two officers, "wait till Feodora comes—she will sing."

A tap at the door at this moment called

Carlotta from her seat, and she ushered in the wished-for visitors.

"Why, Platoff, we thought you were never coming," said the Prince.

"Oh, yes, Feodora has been detained, and, of course, I would not come without her."

Feodora was busy removing her cloak.

She now looked up, and encountered the fixed look of Prince Constantine's large blue eyes.

She blushed, and the Prince, bowing deeply, remarked in an undertone to Count Platoff:

"What a lovely creature! Have you any objection to my entering the lists as your rival?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Platoff angrily.

The Prince laughed.

He was the Count's superior in rank, and therefore did not dread his anger.

Prince Constantine was a much younger man than the Count, and had only just joined the army.

He was wealthy and of high rank, and was an only son.

Under the able superintendence of Count Octave and others like him the young man was on the high road to ruin.

Octave Platoff was renowned for everything that was wicked and base.

He boasted that he had sent more men to the bad in five years than anyone else in Russia.

All the young officers feared and dreaded him, partly for his fierce, passionate nature that once roused never slumbered, and partly for the keen, cutting wit and sarcasm with which he overwhelmed anyone rash enough to provoke him.

Feodora took her seat at the table and Platoff sat down by her side.

The girl was evidently in low spirits and scarcely raised her eyes, replying to Carlotta's questions in a low tone.

"Will you sing for us?" asked the Prince, with his eyes fixed on Feodora's face.

"No. I cannot sing this evening," she replied.

"Why not?" he inquired, coming nearer and leaning over her.

Octave played with the fruit on his plate, but his straight brows met in a line with the heavy frown that came on his face and his mouth was set—he was getting dangerous.

"Why not?" Prince Constantine repeated, with a smile, and Feodora, looking up, met the admiring gaze.

"I do not feel like singing," she said, trying to speak carelessly.

"Ah! you will sing for me, I have never heard you."

Octave rose from his seat and stood before the Prince.

"What do you mean?" he asked, his face white with rage and a crimson line across his forehead suddenly appearing.

It was an old scar that never showed except when he was angry.

That scar had its story too.

He had received it in a duel fought with a young friend, a French nobleman, whom he had ruined.

They were fast friends, and in many strange scenes they had been the principal actors, but all such friendships must come to an end.

One night, after dancing at the same ball, and supping together with the same prima donna, they went out in the bright moonlight to a distant field.

There, in the soft, fragrant air, in the dewy silence of the night, had the two men, who, three hours before, were fast friends, fought fiercely to take each other's life.

The struggle was long, and twice had the seconds interfered and begged that it might cease, but no.

Octave returned to St. Petersburg, but the young Frenchman lay on the smooth green turf, his life-blood ebbing from a wide gash in his breast.

Octave did not, however, go to Siberia, as many have done for saying one rash word in Russia.

No, he had only taken the life of a foreigner.

He had not offended the State, and he was a noble.

No one dared to speak even of the affair.

The police had taken care of the remains of Gustave Legardie, and Octave Platoff lived and flourished, an ornament to St. Petersburg society!

Wittgenstein stood up and regarded his quondam friend with a supercilious smile on his haughty lips.

He, the only son of a personal friend of Nicholas, the god of the North, could set at defiance even Count Platoff, though that officer was his superior in military rank, and as the Prince knew, a bold and dangerous man and a merciless enemy.

Platoff glared full in the scornful face, but the cold blue eyes returned his fierce gaze calmly, and the smile on the young lips of the aristocrat betrayed more amusement than fear.

"What do I mean? Ha! ha! I ask Mademoiselle to sing, and you jump as if you felt the knout on your back."

The jest was not a pleasant one, and it made Platoff's eyes fairly dance with passion.

"You young cub!" he shouted, and raised his hand as if to strike the Prince, but something restrained him.

"What!" said Wittgenstein, coming close to the Count, who, in the wild rage of the moment, looked more like some wild animal than a man. "What do you say, Platoff? Take care, my good fellow, take care, you may say something that cannot be forgotten."

After looking the enraged Count coolly in the face for a moment, Wittgenstein turned away, and seated himself alongside Carlotta.

The three women sat pale and trembling during this short but angry discussion.

The nature of Count Platoff was well-known in St. Petersburg, and no one had ever insulted him with impunity.

They thought blood would certainly be shed and trembled for the life of the young Prince.

Platoff also threw himself into a seat.

His brow was knit and the crimson gash glowed as if it had that moment been struck with a sword.

His eyes were almost closed, and his nostrils dilated and quivering, his thin lips were tightly set, and his face white with passion.

The oppressive silence that had fallen on the party was broken by the Prince, who addressed himself to Carlotta as coolly as if nothing disagreeable had happened.

"What arrangements have you made for attending the fete at Peterhof?" he inquired very carelessly.

Carlotta eyed him in amazement.

It was evident that the Prince felt no fear of Platoff's anger, and had openly defied him.

"I do not know—I have not thought of it yet," she stammered.

"I will be on duty at the court, but you shall have my pleasure boat to convey you and any friend you wish to take with you," he said, pouring out and drinking a glass of wine, then began humming the latest operatic air with an appearance of gayety.

"Thank you, Prince Constantine," said Carlotta, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure, for this would be a great triumph over all her acquaintances to be conveyed in the Prince's own boat and by his servants.

In the excitement of the moment she nearly forgot the quarrel between Platoff and the Prince, and its probable result to the latter.

The other officer who was, like his companions, of high rank and noble family, now came forward.

His appearance was the reverse of prepossessing and he was an intimate friend and boon companion of Octave Platoff.

His figure was slim, his hair light flaxen, giving to his harsh features an infantine expression, his eyes were cruity and relentless, their color gray, his eyelashes and heavy hanging eyebrows being almost white, his forehead was low, but protruding; his mouth small, and his lips thin.

This man had been Platoff's friend for some years, and assisted him to kill time after the most approved fashion of St. Petersburg nobility.

"Prince Constantine," he said, in a harsh, disagreeable voice, "you have offended our friend, Count Platoff; but I am certain you have done so unwittingly, and that you are ready to apologize. Is it so?"

The Prince lifted his heavy eyelids, and looked at the speaker with his haughty blue eyes for a moment in silence, then replied sternly:

"If I have offended Count Platoff, as you say unwittingly, and feel like apologizing, the recollection of the insulting name he has dared to apply to me, will prevent my doing so till he has made ample reparation for his gross conduct and ungentlemanly manners."

"Platoff, you hear the Prince?" said Kemptio, turning to his friend.

"Yes, I hear. I am sorry that there has been any misunderstanding. I apologize, Prince Wittgenstein. I have a hasty temper. I beg your pardon."

He rose as he spoke and extended his hand to the Prince, who took it coldly, saying coldly:

"I also am sorry that I have been betrayed into rude conduct. I accept your apology, and tender one in return. Now let us dismiss the subject."

The Prince resumed his seat, and all went smoothly for the remainder of the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE will first glance once at the white dusty road, and so quiet the imperative voice which is calling her against her will.

And so at last she reaches the little pingrove.

One of the long straight stems has been felled, and she sets herself upon it.

The sun is hot upon the pine-crests overhead, and the aromatic fragrance fills all the air and thrills her with a bitter-sweet shock of remembrance.

What haunting memories and strange disturbing fancies are around her to-day. There is a black speck upon the white road in the far distance, and she finds herself with an absurd earnestness concentrating all her faculties upon this very natural phenomenon, watching its approach with a breathless interest.

"It is only one of the Beechwood farmers coming home from market," she tries to persuade herself, "or Sir Wilfrid returning from the station; he went to London yesterday."

Still the strange breathless tremor is over her, as the black speck takes form and shape in its progress towards her.

Yet, it is Sir Wilfrid's dog-cart—only that—and a keen pang of disappointment shoots through her heart.

She has risen in her excitement, unconscious that her white dress, strongly contrasted as it is against the dark boles of the pine-trees, makes her a conspicuous object to the occupant of the approaching vehicle.

It is Sir Wilfrid. The traveller is still a long way off when she decides this. It is then the Beechwood farmer; and why do her quick breaths come and go, and why does the startled color retreat from her cheeks, leaving them as white as alabaster? She might be the marble statue of some wood-nymph standing there under the trees—a frozen Galatea waiting for the divine spark to quicken her cold marble into warm flesh and blood.

And, lo, Pygmalion comes springing, in prosaic fashion, it is true, from the dog-cart and crashing with hurrying footsteps through the tall brakes.

Then all at once the rosy life flushes through the marble whiteness, and the statue moves and breathes.

"Estelle!"

He stays his impetuous advance all at once at a pace or two from her.

It seems as if the deadly chill only has left her veins only to seize upon his; the warm flush has faded from his cheeks, and a blank whiteness is creeping over them even to his lips.

They stand facing each other, she with dropped, downcast eyes which do not see the doubt, the fear, the something like shame in his.

Now that she is there before him, the deep gulf which has separated them so long yawns blacker and deeper between them. It is he who has been, to all outward seeming, unfaithful to the vows which they two exchanged on that day under the trees at St. Cloud.

Only in outward seeming; his heart knows that even in its fierce anger against her it was not able to cast her out; when it believed in her falsehood, it did not cease to love.

But what if she too has her anger—if the love which has been so faithful has died at last for ever?

What is there beneath those dropped lids? Scorn hatred, rejection? There may well be all these, he acknowledges bitterly to himself.

He stands there silent before her, waiting for, yet daring not to precipitate his doom. There is no sound, save the low wail of the breeze through the pine-crests and the faint call of the sweet childish voices in the distance.

He can hear his own heart-beats. Will she not speak? The silence becomes intolerable.

"Estelle!"

The long lashes lift themselves at last; the violet eyes look up, shrinking, dreaming lest it should have been all a dream, lest the vision should have vanished into thin air.

"Estelle, can you forgive me?"

It is true then! There is no hiding the joy which leaps up from her heart to her eyes, the love which breaks down pride and triumphs over doubt.

The gulf is bridged in an instant; there is no need of words. He takes his pardon from her sweet lips as they are shyly surrendered to him; all the long pain of the past is swept away in the rapture of that reunion.

It is as if they stood together once more beneath the Tyrolean pines, with no dark shadow over them, no puzzled pain to smother down.

Still there are few words; she can read the story, interpreted by her all-comprehending, all-condoning love, between the lines of his hesitating reluctant speech, and they are both tender of the memory which is now beyond reproach. In their full happiness they are even tender of Madame de Rougemont.

* * * * * *

"Why, it's Mervyn!" cries Tim, coming unexpectedly upon the scene. "And Estelle is crying!"

The sturdy little champion doubles up his fists; the two little girls gather round Estelle with half-fearful glances at the aggressive stranger.

Suddenly Tempest sees the situation and laughs aloud. Estelle echoes the laugh as she draws her little defenders closer to her side and kisses their flushed cheeks.

The wondering children look from one to the other with puzzled, questioning eyes.

"Where's Geordie?" asks Tim suddenly. "I like Geordie best. He wouldn't make Estelle cry."

"Hush!" whispers Estelle, stooping over the child until her burning face is hidden under his wide-brimmed sailor-hat. "Hush, Tim!"

"Geordie?" answers Tempest, patting the little fellow on the back. "Yes; he is our best friend, Tim—yours and mine too. Three cheers for Geordie! Hurrah!"

He is joyous as a schoolboy, and there are no more tears in Estelle's eyes.

Her cheeks are like roses, and her eyes shine like bright stars—so Dorothy tells Lilian as the children troop over the moor, hand in hand leaving the two elders to follow; and presently Dorothy, with precocious perception, arrives at a conclusion.

"I know what it is," she announces. "Murwin and Estelle are going to marry!"

"Are they?" says little Lilian innocently.

"But I like Geordie best," persists Tim loyally. "Why doesn't she marry Geordie?"

Dorothy takes rank as a prophetess by-and-by, when the golden fields have been reaped and the purple blossoms have faded on the moor, and in the late autumn there is a wedding at the Rectory.

The gift of prophecy is in the Wilmer family apparently; for Dorothy's mother, who is radiant on the occasion, takes credit to herself for having long since foreseen the happy conclusion, whereat the Vicar, who is her confident, smiles somewhat provokingly.

Geordie Armstrong officiates as "best man," and does his part bravely.

To Feena Drummond, who is amongst the wedding-guests, her brother is the central figure in that day's pageant, regardless as she is of the prerogative of bride and bridegroom, even a little disdainful, in her sisterly zeal, of the little Maltese cross which hangs by its blue ribbon on the bridegroom's breast.

"What does it matter?" says Feena to her husband. "We know—you and I—which is the better hero; there is no need to label him."

Captain and Mrs. Mervyn spend their honeymoon at a charming hotel in the West of England, where the pretty hostess receives them with effusion, and declares in a rapture of French enthusiasm that now nothing is wanting to complete her own happiness, since she has seen mademoiselle and "*ce beau monsieur*" united at last.

"Mademoiselle is more beautiful than ever," she declares to her own husband; "and he—he is more noble, with '*ses temps de martyre*' and his air of having suffered and fought.

"He is more grand and more splendid than Monsieur le Duc—and so much more young!" concludes Florine, who, unlike Feena, has no more heroic hero to disparage this one by.

To this day, the article of which Mr. and Mrs. Brown are most proud, in all their well-appointed establishment, is a handsome silver *epergne*, which represents a crystal lake of ice, borne upon the heads of chamois whose feet are set amongst frosted icebergs, relieved by graceful tufts of silver edelweiss.

This, Mr. Brown sometimes explains, has been presented to his wife and himself by former patrons, in remembrance, he modestly hints, of services rendered to them amongst the Swiss mountains.

* * * * * *

The New Year has come again, and Paris is en fete. There is a grand reception at the British Embassy, and all the world is there, notably Madame de Rougemont, who has returned from Algeria, and Monsieur le Duc de Grandvilliers, who is still the best *parti* in the gay capital.

Through the crush on the stairs young Alwyn is slowly making his way, carefully piloting through the sea of satin and lace, of cloth of gold and glistening pearls, a young English lady.

"A bride!" is whispered through the throng.

"Don't give in, pray, Mrs. Mervyn," the young attache is saying. "We shall arrive at the top in time. You must really put in an appearance to-night; I assure you it is absolutely necessary.

"There have been marvellous tales about you since your disappearance—that you have been spirited away from one of Mr. Home's *seances*, lost on a glacier, captured by Italian banditti—I don't know what else. I am not sure that you will not be taken for a ghost!"

Monsieur de Grandvilliers is standing near the door, in the act of bowing low over Madame de Rougemont's bejewelled hand, when "Monsieur le Capitaine and Madame Mervyn" are announced.

There is a perceptible murmur and flutter through the room, and Monsieur de Grandvilliers feels the hand he holds tremble a little in his grasp.

What is happening? The Duke puts up his gold eyeglass; Madame de Rougemont recovers instantly from the shock, and trusts to her rouge to conceal her momentary paleness.

"Ah," says Monsieur le Duc, dropping his glass and turning to madame, who smiles now in his face—"ah—we have here a resurrection!"

"Pardon, monsieur," says madame, smiling still, but dropping her voice—for the crowd is pressing round her closely as it surges towards the new arrivals—"we see here only the interpretation of an enigma. If by chance monsieur has misunderstood—well, it was not permitted to me to speak more plainly.

"I had hoped that monsieur, whose grand intelligence is so well known, would have comprehended, through such language as I could alone venture to use, the kind of hint which had arrived to him and to me."

"Madame is a superb diplomatist! What a loss to the country of her adoption that madame was not born a man!

"She would have made an incomparable statesman.

"Permit me to express my admiration," Monsieur de Grandvilliers says in his smooth creamy accents, kissing madame's hand with profound respect, and standing aside as the handsome young English soldier, with the little unpretending cross, which monsieur recognizes, on his breast, approaches to greet the lady in his turn.

"We called at your apartments at St. Cloud this afternoon," Tempest says to madame; "but we found that you were in Paris; and it was too late, when we returned, for a visit.

"Dutertre was astonished; he looked as if he had seen a ghost!"

"Permit me," says Monsieur le Duc at Estelle's side, "to offer my felicitations and to make the acquaintance of monsieur."

Young Alwyn says to himself that it is the best thing he has ever seen, the Duke's smiling *savoir faire*, the young wife's calm, happy acceptance of his congratulations, with half Paris looking on.

It is only a glance—an almost imperceptible glance too—which Monsieur de Grandvilliers casts, as he retires, at the glittering *riviere* of diamonds on Madame de Rougemont's neck; but madame shivers and involuntarily puts up her hand to feel if the sparkling treasure is safe.

Then Monsieur le Duc retires, with the

cold cruel smile which penetrates like icy wind blowing off an iceberg; and madame in spite of her gallant front, breathes more freely as he disappears.

"By Jove," Fred Alwyn exclaims to a select circle of intimates, "more than one of us has had a narrow escape!—

"I dined with Mervyn fifteen months or so ago, just when everybody believed that Miss Verney was to be Duchesse de Grandvilliers; and I permitted myself to speak pretty freely on the subject, never guessing how nearly it concerned him or what a hole I was putting my foot into.

"He looked awfully blue, I remember now; but I thought he was down on his luck generally—it was before that affair of the murder was cleared up.

"I have been trying all the evening to remember exactly what was said.

"I know I was down on the young lady, and Mervyn pitched into Madame de Rougemont."

"I wonder how she got out of it?" says somebody. "Or if there was ever anything in it?" suggests another.

"Oh, it was a fact!" asserts young Alwyn. "I knew a fellow to whom the Duke announced it himself. He was in high feather."

"I'd give something to know the whole story," rejoins the second speaker.

"Let us invent one in the meantime," says a third.

"'Man proposes, but la femme disposes'; and in this case the woman is not Madame de Rougemont.

"The young lady has views of her own on the subject of the disposal of her hand; and, whilst 'auld Robin Gray' and madame are arranging matters their own way, she slips out of leading-strings and persists in preferring her 'ain love.' Madame retires in high dudgeon—to Algeria, I believe—and the Duke braves it out on his own ground. I must say I admire the old fellow. He has behaved with wonderful pluck and has taken care of Miss Verney's name in the matter, like an old nobleman as he is."

The young men clap their gloved hands and unite in the British tribute. And so Monsieur le Duc very unexpectedly comes in, a late third on a field of heroes.

[THE END]

Nearly a Mistake.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

JEALOUS! I, jealous of Roger?"

Such a look of amazement and happy contentment was in Mary Carruther's jetty-black eyes as she said it, and then looked away from Gertrude Daynton's half-scornful face towards the group of young men a little further on, among which, handsomest and most conspicuous for his manly presence—was Roger Daynton, Gertrude's brother and Mary's betrothed.

They had all spent the summer at Oaklands, the charming country-seat of the Daynton family—a party of them—Mary Carruthers, and Clara Douglas, and the two Mortimer girls; and three or four of Roger's chums, Stephen Wilmot, and Willie Boston, and Harry Melville, and handsome Dr. Crayton with his bold persuasive blue eyes.

Well, John Crayton and Gertrude fell in love with each other, almost as a matter of course, and to Mrs. Daynton's chagrin and cold displeasure, for her darling was an heiress and a beauty, and young Crayton although as handsome in his way as Gertrude in hers, was "only a young doctor, my child with his fame and fortune all to make.

"By no means a sensible or suitable match for you, who ought to look very much higher."

That was stately Mrs. Daynton's intimation when Gertrude told her John loved her and somehow nobody quite understood it, not even Mrs. Daynton's own dignified self, but directly afterwards, Dr. Crayton found it absolutely necessary to leave the delights of Oaklands and return to his few patients.

Then the two girls mingled their tears, and loving little Mary said all she could out of her own great fund, to comfort the girl who was forbidden her greatest happiness.

Twenty-four hours later Mary stole away from the party of young folks in the parlor, and tapped at the door of Gertrude's pretty little boudoir.

"Do let me come in a little while, won't you?" she coaxed sweetly.

"I promise not to bother you a bit. It's just awfully lonely downstairs since Roger went away.

"Whatever do you suppose possessed him to go to the city on such a horribly hot day?

"I want to be taken rowing when it gets cooler to-day, and I do wonder what I'll do with myself all day.

"Oh, I know. I'll make that lovely new cigar-case for him, that I've been promising myself so long to do.

"I've the satin and velvet and silk in my work-basket, and I'll have it finished, and in the place of the old one when he comes back to-night."

She looked at Gertrude, just addressing her envelope.

"I wish you would get me Roger's old cigar-case for a sample to go by. I am going to make him a new one. Will you?"

"If you will wait just a minute."

Two or three minutes afterwards Mary was back in her own room, Roger's cigar-case in hand, her cheeks flushing rose-red at the exquisite pleasure of having anything in her possession that belonged to her lover and even the well-worn old bronze-and-blue morocco case was an object quite sacred in her loving eyes.

"He certainly needs a new one," she thought, as she turned it over on its face on a newspaper, to cut its pattern. "And I shall——"

A gold collar-button rolled out over the table.

"The careless fellow!" she thought, in a tenderly-reproving little way.

And then, with commendable discretion, to make sure there were no more collar-buttons or anything else to roll out, Mary went on a tour of investigation, and discovered a daintily-written little note, evidently thrust away, in a moment of haste, to lurk in its hiding-place until a cruel fate ordered it forth on its mission of misery.

This was the note—read once, twice, half-a-dozen times, by Mary's horrified eyes.

MY OWN DEAREST:—A thousand times yes, yes, yes! I will be there to-morrow (Thursday), at the same time and place, without fail.

"Ever and always the same.

"——."

The signature was an initial, but Mary could not decipher it.

Poor little Mary! She got up and crept wearily over to her door, and locked herself into the silent security, a pitiful sense of desolation coming coldly over her, such desolation and passionate pain, and utter heart-sickness, as she never knew women could suffer.

This note then, hastily stuffed in the nearest convenient place, in the hurry of catching the train, was what had taken Roger to the city—the "imperative business" he had told her of.

Yes, Roger had actually left his kisses on her glad mouth, and gone straight to another woman, who loved him perhaps as well as she did, whom Roger certainly loved as well as herself.

That thought was like the bitterness of death to her.

It made her spring to her feet with a strange glow in her eyes, and a scarlet spot on either cheek.

"I—I will not stay under his roof another hour!" she said to herself. "When he comes back"—then a great anguished sob crept in—"he will find I am gone, and he will go back unfettered to the lady who says, 'yes, yes, yes!' a thousand times. I will never say 'yes' to him again."

But for her rapid movements, her eager indignation it was an agonizing piece of business, and by the time she had packed her trunk and donned her grey silk travelling-suit, she was pale and panic-stricken, and as nearly heart-broken as ever a loyal little sweetheart was, with a desperate hopeless look in her eyes, that startled Gertrude, even more than seeing her dressed for the street, and her trunk strapped and locked, when she ran in, half-an hour later.

"Why, what in the world are you doing, Mary? Where are you going?"

And Mary's lips trembled, although she spoke bravely.

"Home; I can't stay another hour. Gertrude, I am going right away."

"But I had no idea you were home-sick; you weren't two hours ago. Home? What nonsense, Mary. Mamma will never consent, I know, and Roger will be furious when he comes back."

Mary compressed her quivering lips as resolutely as possible.

"What Roger thinks is of no consequence whatever to me. I am going, because I never wish to see him again, Gertrude. He is nothing to me now."

Gertrude looked amazed.

"I don't know what you mean. You and Roger haven't quarrelled, because he's not here. You were all right when you came for the cigar-case. What is the matter, Mary?"

Poor Mary!

The tears brimmed over in a sudden torrent, and a heart-broken little sobbing cry answered—

"I never would have believed it of him," she sobbed. "But I have it right there in black and white, and he is as false as can be. Read that, and see if I am not right in never seeing him again.

She threw the fateful little note in Gertrude's hand, and Gertrude looked at it, gave a little shriek, and blushed and laughed.

"You goose! You think somebody sent that to Roger? Well, you're mistaken; you little lady who never, never would be jealous. I wrote that to Dr. Crayton nearly a month ago, and in my haste I mislaid it and had to write another.

"I remember now just where I put it, for I was in Roger's room dusting, and I heard him coming.

"Mary, you would never—that is, not very often be jealous. There, there, spare me! Don't hug me so hard. Leave a little of me for the doctor, for mamma has consented, you know, and I came to tell you."

But Mary cried hysterically.

"Oh, I am so thankful! Oh, I am so glad! I am so sorry!"

Gertrude laughed.

"Rather a complicated condition of the emotions, isn't that?" she asked saucily. "But I can't see what you have to be at all sorry for."

Mary's sweet eyes filled afresh with penitent tears.

"Oh, to think I ever could have misjudged Roger so!" she sobbed.

"I daresay he'll forgive you," Gertrude said gaily. "And that reminds me, Roger is downstairs himself. I saw him drive in as I came past the hall window. But if I was you I'd not tell him, I think."

Mary looked indignant.

"The idea! I wouldn't have a secret from him for the world. Besides, I desire a punishment, and I shall tell Roger so too!"

She confessed it all ten minutes later, and Roger's handsome eyes shone as he bade her walk into the library and receive her just deserts.

Once there he took her in his arms and kissed her tears away, and read her a gentle little lecture on danger of hasty judgment and rash decision, and then—gave her the magnificent diamond monogrammed locket he had been to the city to get as a present for her—"the imperative business" he had mentioned when he received the letter from the jeweller announcing the completion of the ornament.

Mary was never jealous again.

Her locket is her talisman; and besides Roger never gives her an opportunity to be, so very much in love is he with her.

WEATHER-LORE OF BIRDS.—The movements and actions of the feathered race have afforded the weather-wise abundant means of making prognostications. There can be no doubt, however, that many birds can tell by instinct what the approaching weather is to be; and hence, observers of nature, having noticed their conduct in wet and fine weather, have drawn various omens therefrom. Commencing, then, with swallows; we are told that it is a sign of rain when they fly low and often touch the surface of the water with their wings. A curious piece of weather-lore formerly attached to the kingfisher; it being supposed that when this bird was engaged hatching her eggs the sea remained so calm that the sailor might venture upon it without incurring any risk of storm or tempest. According, also, to another idea, not yet absolete, a dead kingfisher suspended from a cord always turns its beak in that direction from whence the wind blows.

Occasionally one may still see this bird stuffed and hung up in cottages abroad, a remnant, no doubt, of this old superstition. In Scotland and the North of England the plaintive note of the chaffinch is regarded as a sign of rain. Peacocks when they make a loud and shrill noise, are said to predict rain. And in Lupton's "Notable Things," we read that "the oftener they cry the more rain is signified." Again, the woodpecker's cry denotes wet, a notion which prevails on the Continent. It has, on this account, been popularly called the "rain-bird," and in Northumberland it is known as the "rain fowl." Several items of weather-lore are associated with our domestic bird, the cock. It is said repeated cock-crowing denotes an approaching change of weather and there is a common idea that if the cock stays on the roost longer in the morning than usual, and crows there, it is a sign of wet weather. In Derbyshire the peasantry have a notion that "if the hens gather on a rising ground and trim their feathers, it is a sure sign of rain." There is, too, a further belief that if fowls' wings droop, rain is at hand. Among the omens derived from ducks we are told that "when they fly backwards and forwards, and continually plunge in water and wash themselves incessantly, wet weather will ensue;" In Scotland there is a superstition that if the raven cries first in the morning, it will be a good day; if the rook, the reverse. Winsford, in his "Nature's Secrets," speaking of geese says, "When they do make a gaggling in the air more than usual, or seem to fight, bding over-greedy at their ment, expect then cold and wintry weather." The high flight of larks is considered a prognostication of fine weather. The appearance of the doterel is regarded by the shepherds as a sign of cold weather. In the same way, the gathering of grouse into the large flocks is said to indicate cold and snow. The appearance, also, of cranes early in autumn is looked upon as a prognostication of severe winter. According to Winsford, "herons in the evening flying up and down, as if doubtful where to rest, presage some evil approaching weather." Swans have generally been considered good weather-prophets. The screaming of the owl is a bad sign, being supposed to prognosticate stormy, tempestuous weather. Lastly, when sparrows chirp a great deal and robins do not venture to go far from houses, rain may be considered near at hand.

SAMUEL'S FIRST LETTER.—It was his first letter home from boarding-school, and it read as follows:

DEAR FATHER: I write you before I write ma, becoz I know you like to make ma mad. I think I will get along with my lessons first-rate. The garden here is full of chickens, and makes the walking bad. In history I've got as far as Alexander the Great. He carried a sword to cut knots with. There is an apple orchard half a mile off. The boys play ball in it; after that there ain't much apples. The minister's son was licked this morning for going a-fishing on Sunday. He caught lots of fish and says he is going again next Sunday. I think I like the minister's son a good deal. Send me some marbles as soon as you can, also a jack knife and a top. Two of the boys left a piece of wet soap at the head of the stairs just before daybreak, and by the time the cook got to the bottom she was too sick to get breakfast. We have prayers regular every day and the teacher reads out of the Bible, but I don't think it's so bully as playing tag in a hay loft.

From your affectionate son,

SAMUEL.

A COUNTERFEIT NOTE.—A smart but ambitous Burlington man wrote his name and address on a $10 bank note, so that thousands of people would think of him as they handled that money. Four days afterward the notes was traced to him by this means, with the pleasant discovery that it was a counterfeit. When he wants to write his name any place now, he stands on the corners and signs petitions for pardons, and officers, and new sidewalks, and a free ferry, and another sewer and for one thing another.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL TOOLS.—Steel tools should never be heated, either for forging or tempering, in a fresh fire, unless it be charcoal. If coke is not at hand the fire should be allowed to burn until all the gas is burned out of the coal before the steel is introduced.

POLISHED IRONWORK.—To keep polished ironwork bright, use common resin melted with a little Gallipoli oil and spirits of turpentine. The proportions should be such as to form a coating which will adhere very firmly, not chip off, and yet admit of being easily detached by cautious scraping.

VARNISH FOR VIOLINS.—Take half a gallon of rectified spirits of wine, to which put six ounces of gum mastic, and half a pint of turpentine varnish; put the above in a tin case, keep it in a very warm place, frequently shaking it until it is dissolved, strain it, and keep it for use. Should you find it harder than you desire, you may add a little more turpentine varnish.

DYSPEPTICS.—Hall's *Journal of Health*, says: "If a man is hungry in an hour more or less, after a regular meal, he is a dyspeptic beyond question, and it shows that the stomach is not able to work up what he has eaten so as to get nourishment out of it; but to eat again, and thus impose more work when it could do nothing for what had been already eaten, is an absurdity; and yet all dyspeptics who eat whenever they are hungry do this very thing, and thus aggravate and protract their sufferings."

SEIDLITZ POWDERS.—1. Tartrate of soda, one and a half drachm; carbonate of soda, one and a half scruple. Mix, and put in blue paper. Tartaric acid, thirty-five grains, to be put into white paper. For half a pint of water.—2. Tartrate of soda, twelve ounces; carbonate of soda, four ounces; tartaric acid, three and a half ounces; loaf sugar, one pound; all in fine powder. Dry each article separately by a gentle heat, and then add twenty drops of essence of lemon. Mix well, pass it through a sieve, and put it immediately into a bottle. A dessertspoonful to a tumbler of water.

EGGS IN DYSENTERY.—The egg is considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and, by forming a transient coating on those organs, to enable Nature to resume her healthful sway over a diseased body. Two, or at most three, eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

Farm and Garden.

GRAPE VINES.—Anybody can have grape vines by cutting them properly. Trim off a portion of the old vine and leave a bud at each end. Stick one end in the ground and it will take root.

COWS.—One cow well-fed and comfortably cared-for will produce quite as much milk and butter as two that are allowed to run at large, lie on the wet ground and be subject to the exposure of the weather.

PLASTER.—An application of a bushel and a half of plaster to the acre on clover early this spring will infuse new life into it. If wood ashes are added it will be still better. Ashes and plaster are special fertilizers for clover.

RUBBER CEMENT.—Powdered shellac is softened in ten times its weight of strong water of ammonia, whereby a transparent mass is obtained, which becomes fluid after keeping for some little time without the use of hot water.

ALUM WATER.—Alum water is recommended for preventing bugs and worms infesting flour mills. Dissolve two pounds of alum in three quarts of warm water and apply with a brush in crevices where insects may be concealed.

TOSSING THE HAY.—Some farmers think that a cow must eat all the time when confined in the stall. It is a poor economy which puts fresh hay into a manger on top of old hay. A little tossing of the hay left in the manger will dry it and make it seem of renewed niceness to cows and horses.

DISTEMPER.—Distemper in a colt takes about three weeks to run its course. All the medicine required is a light dose of Epsom salts—say four to six ounces—and good nursing. Give warm bran mashes, linseed or oatmeal gruel; keep the animal warm and rub the legs with cloth dipped in hot water; a tablespoonful of mustard in the water would be beneficial if the legs seem to be weak and numb.

OVER-REACHING.—This unpleasant noise, known also by the term of "clicking," arises from the toe of the hind foot knocking against the shoe of the fore foot. In a trot one foreleg and the opposite hind leg are first lifted from the ground and moved forward, the other fore leg and the opposite hind leg remaining fixed; but to keep the centre of gravity within the base, and as the stride or space passed over by the legs is often greater than the distance between the fore and hind feet, it is necessary that the fore foot should be moved alternately out of the way of the hind feet to descend. Let the blacksmith shoe the horse behind as usual—no clipping, rasping, or shortening beyond what is usual; but to prevent clicking cut off the top or crust of the shell of the hoofs on the fore feet, placing their heel-calks in their proper places, and there will be no clicking. This treatment is a sure remedy.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1882.

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PRINCE AND PEASANT.

This serial, begun in the present number of THE POST, will be found more than usually interesting. It is by an American authoress who spent several years in Russia, where the serial is located, and who is consequently familiar with the various classes of character she describes. It is not only absorbing as a tale, but also contains a vast fund of information concerning the traits, manners, and customs of that people.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

The tone of a man's life is materially affected by the region in which he happens to pass his childhood. The city boy and the country boy grow up with different impressions, and although they may change places, and the former become a "gentleman farmer," and the other a "city banker," still there are certain lines impressed upon the character when the mind was young and plastic which nothing can ever efface.

There are peculiar associations connected with places, the sky, and the weather, which have their origin in the fervid susceptibility of childhood. Who is there that does not recollect with a perfect memory the first important city that he visited, and all the new associations that it quickened in his mind? And who ever forgets the woods and the springs, and the caves, and the water courses, and the meadows which he frequented in his childhood? Perhaps it is not well to revisit them in after life, for fancy has clothed them with an enchantment that is likely to be dissipated when we find how tame and commonplace they really are.

The odor of certain familiar flowers may bring back with singular distinctness the memory of scenes and seasons which had been long forgotten. There are rooms, and closets, and garrets, and barns, and schoolhouses which are identified with a peculiar odor—there are perfumes which are associated with certain persons whom we knew in childhood.

There are other associations connected with the people we knew in early life which are indelible. The schoolmaster of the past has ceased to be, and much mingled are the emotions with which we recall him; all that we can say is, that he was a man to be respected and feared. We presume that the ideal lawyers, and doctors, and ministers, that we fashioned out of the living realities, who went in and out before us in our childhood, never existed; because, as we conceived them, they were not altogether human. They could not have been as infallible as we thought, nor quite so grave and dignified at all times, and they probably had their little weaknesses, like other people, though we did not suspect it.

Everything has changed, or seems to have changed, and we often wonder what sort of associations the boys and girls of this generation will carry over with them into their maturity. They see so much, and hear so much, and learn so much, and are taught so many things, the white surface of their minds has to take so many impressions, and these are laid on so rapidly as to make it hard for us to understand how any one impression can be lasting.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Congressional Library now contains 420,000 volumes. In 1876 it contained 300,000 volumes, so that at the present rate of increase it must soon become by far the most imposing collection of books in the world. Since, however, the library contains a specimen of every work copyrighted in this country, it is more remarkable for size than for quality.

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A PIANO-LEG factory at Westfield, Mass., in which most of the work is done by apprentices at low wages, has for months been guarded by detectives against incendiarism. It is charged by the owners that lots were cast by the members of a trade union to determine who should set fire to the building, and that the men on whom the task fell have made several attempts to perform it.

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THE clergyman's daughter knelt down and prayed at a revival meeting with the "worst fellow in town" at Bedford, Ind., and when she got home missed her gold watch. She would not believe he took it, but consented to go with a party of friends and hunt him up. They found him still at his devotions under a tree. She refused to have him disturbed, but a rude skeptic, rushing in where angel's feared to tread, found him kneeling, and in the act of burying the watch.

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THE port of Falmouth, which is the first approached by Australian and Cape vessels nearing England, is remarkable for vessels built for speed, and owned by Falmouth clothiers. They sometimes are met one hundred miles west of the Scillies, cruising about, and when a ship is noted they board her and make sales. The sailors do not pay cash. Their purchases are deducted from their pay by the captains. A penny paper often fetches 60 cents.

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THE increasing cost and scarcity of tie timber are calling attention to the question of using iron as a substitute. Although the material has been successfully used in Europe for some time, the first iron ties ever rolled on the American continent were turned out at a Western mill the other day. The ties weigh seventy pounds, are six feet long—though they can be made any desired length—and in shape much like the letter U, or a trough with a flange at each edge. It is believed that they can be manufactured for about $2 each.

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THE Baptist pastors of Chicago have declared themselves against professional revivalists of the usual kind, and for the following reasons: "They cultivate a distracted, one-sided religious life. They give undue prominence to noisy and public efforts for saving souls. They produce the impression that religion is largely a matter of feeling. They savor too much of burlesque and buffoonery. They lower the dignity of the most solemn subject which can engage men's attention. They put a premium upon ignorant and crude presentations of Gospel truth. They insult the intelligence of the age by making the unlearned and the unwise its religious teachers."

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ATTENTION is drawn in the English papers to the non-recognition of the English marriage law in France, which leads to the desertion of many English women and children on their arrival in that country. A Frenchman may marry an English girl in England according to English laws, and as long as they remain in England they are lawfully wedded; but let a trip to Paris or to French soil be taken, and the wife is no longer a wife, and the children become illegitimate. A short time ago a Frenchman came to Paris, and finding that the English woman he had espoused eighteen years ago was not legally his wife, honorably re-married her according to the French law. But, unfortunately, Frenchmen do not always act thus, and instances may be noted where the police have been called in to expel the English wife and her babes as intruders at the house of the husband and father.

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AN extraordinary and melancholy example of the miscarriage of justice is reported from the English town of Leek. About a year ago two farmers living near that place were convicted upon strong circumstantial evidence, and upon the positive identification of the prosecutor, of committing an assault upon him, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The prosecutor has just died, leaving a full confession that the injuries were inflicted by himself in hope of extorting money from the accused persons and their friends. In the meantime one of the innocent convicts, who has a wife and nine children dependent on him for support, has lain in jail very ill and near death through imprisonment and despair. It is a slight consolation to learn that the memory of the heartless wretch, whose confession has been made public, is held in such utter loathing by the community in which he lived that great difficulty was experienced in hiring men to bury him.

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THE *Pall Mall Gazette* in a recent issue says: "The Americans are cutting us out of another market. For many years the demand of France and Germany for remounts has been confidently calculated upon by our horse-breeders; but it would seem that in this market also we are being undersold by America. French agents are out West with orders for no fewer than 5,000 for the French army. They are to be shipped to Havre, in batches of 250 at a time. These American horses, as a shipper says, are just the thing to carry a Frenchman into or out of a fight, as they are hardy and spirited. Three years ago 2,000 American horses were shipped to London for the Metropolitan Tramway Company; a letter is quoted from the chairman of said company, to the effect that 'the American horses are the toughest and most hardy of any that we can get. I would give two French horses for one American one any day.' It would seem that it is not only on the race course that the transatlantic horse-breeder distances his British competitor."

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IT appears that Cretans have a very effective mode of preventing the marriage of their female relatives with foreigners. A famous African explorer, visiting Crete some years ago, fell desperately in love with a beautiful girl, and, partly through the good offices of the American Consul, succeeded so well in his overtures that a day was fixed for the nuptials. An hour before they were to take place there arrived three Greeks, with an interpreter, who introduced them as the big brothers of the bride. The interpreter also brought a parchment, which he explained was merely a deed of settlement by which the bridegroom undertook to pension his mother-in-law, and the triad of brothers-in-law, and to pay the first instalment down. The unhappy bridegroom explained that he hadn't the money. The brothers frowned and growled, and matters looked squally, when, to the inexpressible relief of the bridegroom, the Consul arrived, and, with great difficulty, enabled his friend to escape further dealings with this business-like family.

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THE latest suggestion as to the whereabouts of all the diamonds recently stolen in England, is full of romance. For more than one generation it has been known that the gypsies possess somewhere in the New Forest a cache, as the Indians call the place where they conceal their store of winter food, but this cache is said to be far more than a mere hole for hiding baggage. It is a long subterranean passage leading to the sea. The entrance is known only to the members of one single tribe, many of whom reside entirely within its recesses. The place is regarded as a sanctuary, to which access may be obtained for any gypsy under the ban of the law, and if a gypsy can once reach the place he may tarry until "nothing further is heard" concerning it. He is generally assisted to escape to the sea shore, when he goes abroad for a time, to return again and commence anew. It is believed by some of the shrewdest of the police authorities that this cache is a sanctuary for stolen goods, in which the produce of many of the recent diamond robberies has been secreted, and from thence put on board vessels for America, Russia, or Holland.

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THERE is always good reason for fearing that buds developed by an unusually mild winter will be nipped by an untimely frost, but such has not invariably been the rule. The records kept at the French observatories contain notices of exceptional years in which the mildness of the early months was not followed by a late and destructive winter, but by a continuous progress of the fruits and crops toward maturity. Such phenomena have been rare enough, numbering not more than about one in each century; but as they have been produced before they may, of course, occur again: and hitherto this century has not perhaps had its fair complement of warm winters and springs. For the most encouraging precedent that can be cited it is necessary to go back as far as the year 1421, when the trees are stated to have come into bloom early in March. This rather doubtful start was followed by a continuance of the same sort of weather. The cherries grew ripe in April, and the grapes in May; so that the seasons may be said to have 'advanced' themselves by several months. It appears that in 1573 the corn was in ear at Easter, and that in 1178 the birds began building, and laid eggs in February. In this latter year and in 1538 garden flowers came out in profusion in January, but it would perhaps be rash to inquire what was their subsequent fate. Finally, there are other less detailed accounts in which it is mentioned that in 1659 there was no frost or snow; that in 1289 there was "no winter at all;" and that in 1693 "no fires were lighted in any sitting-rooms in Germany."

"ACROSS THE WAY."

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

A mother sits by the fast fading light,
With an infant upon her knee,
She has mended and patch'd from morn till night,
With never a moment free.
The noise and clatter of children at play
Keeps time to her low cheerful song;
Who but a mother could stitch, stitch away,
With such racket the whole day long.

When wearied, and filled with humble repast,
The children are carried to bed,
The mother lays down her sewing at last,
And takes up her knitting instead.
The socks to leg up, and the socks to foot down,
Are num'rous, it must be confess'd,
But mother sings on, with never a frown—
She takes up her knitting to rest.

Her fingers fly fast as she rounds a toe,
She smiles o'er the stocking so small,
The owner some day a great man will grow—
Brave, handsome, kind, manly and tall.
And thus, with a faith no mortal may pen,
She dreams, as the hours slip away,
That her girls and boys as women and men,
Will repay all the cares of to-day.

Mother, when weary of sewing you grow,
Just take up your knitting to rest,
And oh! as you round off a heel or toe,
Thank God for the babes of your breast.
Ah, if no mound in the graveyard hides low
The dust of fond hopes that are dead,
Thank God that you still may knit and sew,
For warm, living darlings instead.

The Lost Certificates.

BY DR. NORTHROP.

ASSISTANT WANTED—In the office of a physician. Must be of a reliable character and steady habits. A person of experience preferred. If a student will find some time for study at his disposal. Address, stating reference, DOCTOR,
Box 123, *Ledger* Office.

These words shone on the slip of paper before me, but in laying the pen on the rack, a musing mood had seized me, and I let them take their own time to dry, while diverting from its original purpose the little bibulous sheet on which the Hope Insurance Company invited the world to save itself, I scribbled its edge, and looked seriously into the glowing heart of my fire.

Five years before, I had given up a twelve-months struggle to establish a practice in my native village of Rockville, in Pennsylvania, which in addition to being, as the circulars of its female institute announced, "one of the most healthy locations to be found in the State," already possessed six eminent physicians of various schools, to whom the people of Rockville found it more convenient to entrust their very occasional ailments, than to one they had known in roundabouts, and had been accustomed all their lives to call Tom.

Resigning the unequal struggle in disgust, I left undisputed possession to the two allopathic doctors of the old school, the co-disciple of Hahnemann, the eclectic physician and the Indianopathist, and returned to the city, whence I had gone out authorized, by the license of its chief college of medicine, to practice as a regular physician.

Returned to that city with somewhat less of sanguine hope in my heart, and not much more money in my pocket, and that little surplus of my capital, nowise greater through the result of the year's labors, except as they had moved the spirit of my great aunt, in Rockville, to bestow on me a sufficient sum which she considered enough to "set me up" in an office in Philadelphia. I do not say moved her heart, for I think the principal motive to this act of unusual liberality was a desire to save the credit of the family in the town where she was its only remaining representative, and perhaps a pleasant wish in which I could fully sympathize, to spite the Rockvilleists for the slight regard they had shown our name, by proving to them if possible, that they had forever lost the chance of sharing in its future glory.

Returned to that city where, though there is in every profession, as Webster said of his own, "plenty of room upstairs," yet as each aspirant discovers, one can climb to it only by pushing his way through a pushing crowd. Thus climbing for five years, of which nothing need now be said, I had reached, let us say, the first landing somewhat in advance of those who started with me, and found space to breathe awhile, before trying the next flight.

But to carry out the figure at this point, my course had taken a sudden turn, quite unseen from the bottom, and I thought I must give myself time to consider the next step.

Late in the afternoon of the day before my advertisement was to appear in the *Ledger*, I had returned again, and probably for the last time, from Rockville, having two mornings previous attended my great aunt's funeral, and thus canceled the last claim which that insignificant town can have upon me; though I was comforted to see that its *Weekly Augur*, which happened to appear on the same day, in noticing her death, extended its sympathy to "our distinguished townsman, nephew and sole heir of the deceased, the well-known Thomas Redman, M. D., of Philadelphia."

In dying and making me her heir, my aunt had certainly doubly surprised me. She was one of those people whose shoes one may wait for till he has one foot in the grave himself.

Though I was fortunate enough to inherit from her brother the old fashioned constitution which had to tie over one generation for repairs, I should never have presumed to enter the lists of longevity with her. Indeed she often made demands on my sympathy in the sad fact that, as I was the youngest of the family, when I was taken away she would be left quite alone in the world; as Mrs. Gummidge would say, "a lovelorn unprotected creature." Then if I had ever contemplated the possibility of her premature death at eighty-six, and had been asked who would probably fall heir to her property, I should have unhesitatingly replied, the Rockville House for the Friendless, and the First Orthodox Congregational Society; for its Church Erection Fund. And for this opinion I should have had her own authority.

As she had frequently informed me that such would be the disposition of her estate, adding at the time she presented me with five hundred dollars to set me going in Philadelphia, a timely warning against fostering any extravagant hopes thus created, by telling me that she thought people had better be executors of their own estate, as far as their own family is concerned, for that nothing can be more sad, than to think that those, in whose veins runs our blood, are looking forward to our death as an event pecuniarily desirable to themselves, I certainly never so anticipated hers. Whether she wished to avoid this by giving me the impression she did, or whether the old grudge against the Rockville people, on the occasion of my departure from their unappreciative "midst," had been aggravated by causes unknown to me, or whether—as perhaps most likely—the family feeling had grown stronger in her declining years, until it had overcome sectional and sectarian prejudices, I do not know. It is a lady's privilege to change her mind with or without a reason, and, in either case, I have no fault to find with her for "giving and bequeathing to her nephew, Thomas Redman, all her estate, real and personal, with advice that he take a wife;" although the first clause occasioned an equal amount of surprise in the breast of the said nephew, and of consternation in the breasts of the trustees of the Orthodox Society, and the manager of the Home for the Friendless, as we sat in her little parlor, the morning after the funeral, to listen to the reading of the will; and although the last clause—my aunt would always be queer and uncomfortable—brought confusion to the face of Thomas Redman, aforesaid, and satirical smiles to the set lips of the disappointed brethren.

As I took my copy of the will from the hands of the lawyer, he remarked to me with a smile: "Really Mr. Redman, I don't know that the court would admit your claim to part of your revered aunt's legacy if you refuse to take the other part. She bequeaths to you not only her property, but her equally valuable advice."

In the same vein I replied: "Well, Mr. Stokes, if the court will admit, as I think it must, that there is as great difference between taking advice and pursuing it, as there may be between pursuing property and taking it;" this, with a satirical shrug for the disappointed brethren in return for theirs, "I think it must decide that her will is not broken." And letting fly this shaft, I bowed my rivals out of my aunt's deserted house, and after making hasty arrangements for finally disposing of it by putting it into the hands of an agent for sale, bowed myself out of Rockville, and as I have said probably for the last time.

In the journey of a night and day which brought me home, I occupied myself with trying to accustom my thoughts to this unexpected turn of fortune, and to decide what change it could and should make in my life. It was by no means a large inheritance, though my aunt doubtless had so considered it, so small on the contrary, that if it had been offered me in exchange for my practice to accept it, would have left me as I was, a poor man, and without the hope of growing richer, which lay at the bottom of my medicine chest. But added to the proceeds of my profession, it would double my present income, and so make me feel very comfortably off at least, until my notions of what that means should far outgrow their present limits.

I could hardly find a pleasanter office, and one in a better part of the town. These advantages, it had been part of my policy to secure from the first. But hereafter I need not stoop in it, and make a closet serve the purpose of a dressing room. I amused myself in selecting my favorite room in my boarding house, and deciding upon its arrangements. Visions of new books, cases and desks, valuable medical works, which I had intended to purchase one by one at the cost of more than the money, a microscope, and an improved set of surgical instruments, mingled pleasantly in my imagination. I had even thought of a horse and doctor's carriage, but doubting whether these might not still be regarded as extravagances, and remembering that I was fond of walking, and had a dread of dyspepsia, because I did not know how it felt, I had concluded to drop this idea for the present, and had settled instead upon that of having an assistant.

The longer my thoughts dwelt upon this one, the pleasanter they found it. Yes, I said, to myself, he will do just as well as a carriage, for I only need one occasionally, when I am called at night, or on Sunday, somewhere off the lines of cars, and then I can send him around to a livery stable, and get a conveyance at any hour, that will answer all the purposes, and I wont have to pay for it when I don't want it. Then he can do all my copying for me, attend to the office when I am out, and assist me in my operations. If he is a poor young student, as I suppose he will be, this will be a great practical benefit to him, and he can use my library.

Many a one would be glad of the chance, and my heart warmed towards my future assistant, while I was thinking, too, that it would look well to have a student reading medicine in my office. Then I remembered the second clause of my aunt's will, to which Mr. Stokes had made a playful allusion, and my cheeks burned slightly under the memory of having burned before. It was true that her advice, so eccentrically given, had been more than once offered to me by interested and disinterested friends, but as I have said, the last five or six years had been spent in elbowing my way up stairs through a crowd, and I had thought, as one might, that a man can do that better alone than with a lady on his arm, whether his own or her interest be considered.

Having made up my mind to this at the beginning of my professional career, I had soon become so engrossed in its duties, that little resolution was necessary to keep me from being diverted from them, while, had it been otherwise, my means would not have permitted a very constant devotion to the claims of society, and thus it had come about that Dr. Thomas Redman, though very far from being a woman-hater, or a woman-fearer, had reached the age of thirty, without ever having contemplated marriage as a matter of any practical interest to himself.

Yet I did not find it a disagreeable subject of thought in the abstract, and even went so far as to ask myself privately, whether this might not be one of the changes to be wrought in me by my aunt's legacy, and whether a due respect to her memory did not require me, at least, to give my serious consideration to her advice.

But on the whole, my fancy clung with more pleasure to the idea of an assistant, and as my heart warmed towards him, it warmed also to my departed aunt, and I caught the first sleep I had been able to get, just after I formed the resolution of making one more visit to Rockville, for the purpose of putting up a monument to her memory, and while I was endeavoring in imagination to design one that should be larger and handsomer than any erected, or likely to be in the Rockville Rural Cemetery.

From the pleasant nap, I was aroused by the final stopping of the train at the depot, and in a few minutes more I was at home, enjoying the dinner served to me by my landlady, in whose eyes I was an object of reverence as a physician, of commiseration as a lonely old bachelor, and of peculiar indulgence as both.

Dinner over, I took a seat at my desk to look over letters that had come during my absence, and read what calls may have been left on my slate. There was nothing of any special importance. The season was a healthy one, and my few serious cases had been left in care of an able practitioner, so that the thoughts, which had been temporarily interrupted, resumed their dominance in my mind, then suddenly assumed as tangible shape as could be given them by pen and ink, in the form of my advertisement. This done, I experienced a sense of relief, as if the first step had been taken in the improvement of my fortune, and pushing back my chair, fell into a pleasant reverie upon the events of the last few days, and the past and future life to which they seemed likely to become both a dividing chasm and a connecting bridge.

Thus I sat, musing by my fire late into the evening, and how long I should have continued to sit thus I do not know, if a sudden sharp ring at my office bell had not startled me to my feet, and put to flight a whole flock of fancies. I opened the door myself, as was necessarily my custom at that hour, and admitted a colored boy, with a note from Mrs. Goodwin, the wife of one of my best patients. The boy seemed to have run himself out of breath, and noticing this fact, I hastily opened the envelope and read the enclosure:

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—We are in the greatest trouble, or I would not ask you to forget your own and the fatigue of your journey; come to us this evening. But Henry left a note at your office this afternoon, and was told that it would be handed to you immediately upon your return, and as I have not heard from you, I fear it may have been forgotten.

Mr. Goodwin is in a terrible state of mind. I will not stop to make further explanation, until I see you, which may, I hope, be as soon as you can come.

I am sorry I cannot send the carriage for you, as one of the horses is lame.

In haste, truly yours,
M. E. GOODWIN.

Of course her note had been forgotten, but there was no use to question why, at that time of night, and sending off the boy in advance, to relieve her mind the sooner, I prepared to follow him immediately. Kicking off my gorgeous slippers, the gift of a lady patient, I thrust my half-rested feet back into my boots, and my arms into my overcoat.

I am sure that the dominant object of the reverie, which had been so suddenly interrupted, had been my future assistant, and yet other thoughts may have been vaguely floating in my mind; for, as after brushing the car-dust from my hat, I stood for a moment in front of the mirror, I caught myself saying aloud to the image reflected there: "Well, Tom, old fellow, you're pretty good looking yet." Talking to oneself is a common trick to lonely people. Then, lighting a fragrant Havana for company, with a sigh for my still unrealized assistant, I went into darkness.

While I was walking from Walnut street up to Broad, and up to Mr. Goodwin's residence, I would have had time to tell that assistant, if there had been any need to, all I knew of my best patient.

He was one of those poor rich men always in the city, who having an income of fifty thousand dollars, work as hard for their living as car drivers—thirteen hours and hardly time to eat. If they ever make a strike and talk of gradually retiring from business, they usually succeed no better than those, their employers being the most relentless of all; their own habits, which force them back to work upon the terms first agreed upon, as long as their strength makes it possible.

In Mr. Goodwin's case there was evident signs that his would not much longer hold out. He had, like most such men, began life a poor lad, with a good head, a Yankee faculty of turning his hand to any kind of business, and the power of quickly seeing and grasping every opportunity. While still poor, he had married a wife who brought into partnership her full share of the same sort of capital—and ever since, in better and worse fortunes, had been a helpmate to him. And those two had not only good heads, but good hearts—sound to the centre. Prosperity really seemed to do them no harm. There was no vulgarity in their natures, to be brought into bold relief by the glare of their gold; and, though their tastes were plainer than their children's will be, it would be harder to make better use of their money, or be more respected in their business and social relations.

Mr. Goodwin's kindness of heart only added to his labor. He was always doing something for somebody, supported two or three families of widowed sisters and brothers' wives comfortably, besides maintaining his own munificently, and was continually being appointed trustee of some estate or guardian of some one's orphan children.

I well understood Mrs. Goodwin's anxiety in regard to him, and the state of mind he was probably in. I had often said to him, but without much effect: "If you go on drawing on account with nature at this rate, there will come a time when your notes will be dishonored. You will be bankrupt in brains, if not, in life." Already he had had warning of this in headache, dizziness, absence of mind, intense nervousness, and frequent depression, particularly at night, when Mrs. Goodwin told me, he would lie awake and groan for hours; while she, faithful woman, would exhaust her ingenuity in devising means to soothe and divert him. On one occasion, in an inspiration of genius, which every one will admire who has had a similar experience, after repeating all the hymns and gossip she could think of she resorted, so she told me, to the melodies of "Mother Goose," and after stating to him the historical fact that, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," went on to adorn the tale with embellishments of her own, describing "Peter and his pipes, the farmer's wife picking her peppers, and her indignation when the wandering piper picked, i. e. stole them; the wrath of the farmer who gave chase, the fright of the poor half-witted Peter, and the wisdom of the judge, 'a second Daniel,' who, when the trembling, ragged reveler was haled before him, who could ill conceal any stolen booty, impatiently inquired: If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers that Peter Piper picked?"

Of Mr. Goodwin's family, two daughters had married early, like their mother, poor young men, who would one day be rich like their father; and there were at home her oldest son Henry, a fine young fellow of twenty-one, a daughter Annie, of eighteen, and little Johnny, aged eight, all the more a pet, because, until his birth, the house had been so long without a baby.

By the time I had told my assistant all this, we would have been pulling Mr. Goodwin's door bell. I had hardly touched it, when the door was opened, and I was invited to walk at once into the library. Mrs. Goodwin was alone then, waiting, and rising, she reached both her hands to me, exclaiming: "Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have come! My poor husband." Her eyes were heavy, as if with weeping and watching.

"What has happened? Is Mr. Goodwin so much worse?" I asked, thinking of apoplexy and insanity. "Oh, then you have not heard anything—you have not seen the papers!"

It was quite true. Philadelphia dailies are not thought of in Rockville, and I had been so ingrossed with my own affairs, that I had only looked at the foreign and telegraphic news in my evening paper.

She was about entering upon an explanation, when a deep groan startled us, and a distressed voice from the next room called:

"Mary!"

"Yes, dear!" she answered, and quickly rising, drew two or three papers from behind the sofa cushions, where, with a woman's tact, she had concealed them, and handing them to me, said:

"I must go to him. Will you please read and judge for yourself, doctor, and then join us right here in the study?"

Taking the papers from her hand, wonderingly, I seated myself at the table to read the paragraphs which were marked in each. In the *Ledger*, of the day before then, was merely this announcement:

"Henry F. Goodwin, firm of Goodwin & Strong, importers of teas, retires from business this day. Failing health the cause."

This I was prepared to expect. In one of the evening papers, among the items of city intelligence, I read:

"It is rumored on change, that the sudden retirement of Henry F. Goodwin from the firm of Goodwin & Strong, is necessitated, not by failure of his health, but by his failure to account for a fortune for which he is responsible as trustee of an estate; whether or no this implies any want of honesty on his part, as yet remains a mystery. There are not wanting those who believe him to have yielded to a temptation, which has sometimes proved too strong for men in his position, of using the moneys entrusted to him in his own speculations, which have proved a failure. If he has done this, he will be sufficiently punished by the loss of his own fortune, out of which he must replace them. But his name has stood above reproach, and we hope to see it speedily cleared of every suspicion."

Bewildered with astonishment, I took up

another paper. It contained a showy paragraph with leaders:

ANOTHER TURN IN FORTUNE'S WHEEL.—Yesterday, a merchant prince; to-day, a supplicant beggar. We regret to learn on good authority, that Mr. Henry F. Goodwin, who withdrew from business yesterday, retires not to a country seat, but to a cottage, being obliged from his own fortune, to replace that of the minor heirs of the late George Balfour, for whom he is trustee. His own station is, that foreseeing precipitate rise in the market, he had last week invested the whole in Pennsylvania Central bonds, a rash experiment it would seem, though so far, the quotations of the bonds appears to justify it. The certificates he is however, unable to produce, they having been, as he asserts, mysteriously lost, or stolen from him; he does not know how or when. The detectives have been furnished with their numbers, but Mr. Goodwin can give no further clue, and will name no one whom he suspects. The story is, to say the least, a remarkable one, and will be variously interpreted. He has sold out his shares in the business to his partner, and we publish in another column the advertisement of an auction sale, to take place on the 10th instant, in the princely mansion, whose halls, a short month ago, echoed to the music of the dance, on the occasion of the brilliant reunion of beauty and fashion, which we had the pleasure of describing to our readers.

Was it possible that all this could have taken place in the few days of my absence. I sat a few moments trying to make it seem real. I knew that Mr. Goodwin had been for a year the trustee and guardian of the children of Mr. Balfour, who, dying, had preferred to leave their interests in the hands of his old friend rather than entrust it to relations. Mr. Goodwin had taken care of the children almost as his own, and the eldest, a young lady of his own daughter's age, was even then visiting at his house. His name was indeed above reproach, in my mind, but as the paper declared, it was to say the least, a remarkable occurrence. It was in vain to attempt to realize it, and folding the papers and replacing them out of reach of observation, I walked in the next room which Mr. Goodwin called his study, and where he was accustomed to sit till midnight often writing and looking over business papers.

The Argand burner of the drop-light was turned low and shed a mild light through its porcelain shade. Mr. Goodwin was lying on the lounge, his face buried in the cushions, one hand stretched out and grasping tightly that softer one, which for so many years had been ever ready with its gentle aid.

As I entered the room Mrs. Goodwin said: "Darling, here is Dr. Redman come to see you." Then turning to me to give him time to rouse himself from his inertia, she said: "Mr. Goodwin saw and talked with so many of his friends yesterday, that when evening came he was in great distress, and as you were away I sent for Dr. Blake, as you told me to, but the opiate he prescribed seemed to have the opposite of the usual effect, and he had a very bad night. To-day I have tried to keep him quiet, and he has seen no one out of the family except our dear minister, Mr. Hardy, so I am in hopes he will be better, though especially now that you are here."

While she was speaking, Mr. Goodwin had raised himself to a seat upon the lounge, and extending me his hand said: "Ah, my good friend, I thank you for coming to see me, but I can tell you the only thing that will cure me—to find those bond-certificates. Can you think what I could have done with them? I can't remember." Then breaking down: "Oh, doctor, do you know that I am a ruined man—a ruined man? It's so hard—so hard. And my wife and my children, and then poor Balfour's children. I meant to make them love me; but now we can have nothing more to do with them; and I knew Henry was beginning to love Marion—Mary thought so. If you could have seen the look on his face when I told him first. That cuts almost the worst of all. He didn't mean I should see it, but I did—I did!" And his dry parched eyes grew more hopeless in their look of anguish; as dropping from my face, they rested on his wife. Then slowly shaking his head, he let it fall heavily into his hands, and his whole body was convulsed with those terrible convulsive sobs that bring no tears and no relief.

Sitting down beside him, I said quietly: "Now, Mr. Goodwin, if you will oblige me by putting your feet in a pail of hot water that Mrs. Goodwin will have brought here, your head will feel a little better, I know; and then we will just tip back your easy chair in the library, and you need not go to bed if you don't want to; you will find it easier to sleep in that position. Your wife can have a cot made up close beside you, and I will stay too, right in here. I wont give you any opiate, but something that will do better, I think."

The pail of water appeared at this moment, and Mr. Goodwin made no opposition to our operations; and while he was passively submitting to have his feet rubbed, I said to him:

"You want to remember where you put those certificates, you know, and it is absolutely necessary that your head should be clear and cool in order to do so; so you must let me get some of the feverish blood out of it. There is plenty of time yet, the bonds are rising steadily, and the best judges think they will continue to rise. Perhaps it will turn out a good thing—that you have to hold on longer than you meant to."

Then I tried, though without success, to get his thoughts off the direct line of his troubles. The foot bath had some effect, however, and wrapping his feet in flannel to keep up the determination of blood to them and away from his head, we got him into his substitute for a bed, and I administered the sedative I had sent for. His wife came and said to him:

"Now take this text for your pillow, Henry: 'This poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles,'" and then we prepared for rest.

I hardly expected that his sleep would be unbroken, but it was, and he did not wake until late next morning, his exhausted nature making the most of the first good opportunity it had had; and though the waking was bitter, as all such wakings are, he had more strength to bear his burden, and was able to tell me all he knew of the loss of the certificates.

Making one of those bold strokes which the most careful men may make with success because they are careful and know when to venture, he had invested the whole of his wards' fortune in bonds in which he foresaw a rapid rise. He had bought late in the day, and had taken the certificates home with him. He slept with them under his pillow and put them in a tin box the next morning, and carried it locked to the bank to deposit them. When he opened it, they were not there. The next day was the one for the yearly accounting for the estate. Stupified with astonishment he drove immediately back to the house, but nothing could be found of them. His loss could not be repaired but by the discovery of the certificates.

He fancied he might have been robbed as he was going to his carriage, or into the bank, and had given the police the numbers of the certificates, and this was all he could do. He had tried to keep it quiet until he should know whether the loss was irremediable, but in his first bewilderment had spoken of it to friends who mentioned it in secrecy to others, who doubtless told it in strict confidence to a newspaper reporter, who whispered it in the ear of the public.

He had bought thirty $10,000 certificates; so the settling of the account with the heirs would leave for him what would seem a very insignificant portion to one who had been a rich man.

I need not go into many details concerning the few days that brought us to the one appointed for the auction. It was fortunate for me that the season was a healthy one. Mrs. Goodwin insisted on my taking up my abode at their house, and I only went to my boarding place during my office hours. On the first of those visits, I remembered my advertisement, though it seemed to already belong to the past, and dispatched it to the *Ledger* office. All the time that was not absolutely needed by other patients I gave to the Goodwins.

After the words the father had let fall concerning Henry and Marion, I watched them both with much interest, and was not long in coming to the conclusion that Henry had not only begun, but was continuing to love Miss Balfour; though now he seemed trying to conceal the fact from her, with the feeling easily to be appreciated, that he must never, in the eyes of the world, even if he would not in her eyes, appear thus to wish to gain the fortune which his father owed her.

Marion I had to watch more closely, yet she had all the frankness and unreserve that should mark her Southern birth; and whether she then fully understood her own feelings or not, I believed that I did. She was far more impatient of the troubles which she thought she had brought upon her friends than they were themselves. I could not but be interested at once in her generous impetuous nature, especially as she soon made me the confident of her feelings which she could not express to the family, toward whom she occupied such a difficult and delicate position.

"Oh, doctor!" she exclaimed one day, finding me alone in the library. "Why must this be? to think that for a paltry fortune, I must bring sorrow on my best friends. I will not take their money. Tell me you think I ought not. I think sometimes I will just run away, and never come back; then they will have to keep it."

"My dear child," I said, "Mr. Goodwin is only doing what any honorable man like him would wish to do, and what the law requires him to do, whether you run away or not. You must not feel yourself responsible for this misfortune. Remember that the mere loss of the money is small in his eyes as it is in yours, in comparison with the loss of his honor; and the best way for him to proclaim this to the world, is to take the very course he is taking. Besides think of your mother and little sister. Whatever you might choose to do with your part of your father's estate, you would have no right to touch theirs."

"I know it," she replied, "but I am sure they would feel just as I do about it. Anything seems better than to bring this misery upon our friends. I don't know how Annie can bear to see me when I have brought such troubles on her father; and I know Mr. Goodwin will hate me."

"Oh, no, indeed, Miss Balfour. I have heard him speak of you with the greatest tenderness and love."

She opened her dark eyes wide at this; then instantly blushing at our mutual misunderstanding, replied:

"You mean his father. We always call him Uncle; yes so we always will. Dear, dear, Uncle Goodwin. I know he will never hate anyone; there is nothing but love in his heart. And to think of all the abuse the papers dare to publish about him. Yes and my own Uncle Aiken, writing that this is what comes of papa's entrusting his estate to a mercenary Yankee—mercenary indeed. He is all generosity and nobleness; he says he should think now, that I would return to my own relations; as if that wouldn't be telling every one that I believe the wicked slanders against Uncle Goodwin. It is hard enough to stay here and see all this going on; but I would not go a step for all my relations."

Just then Henry Goodwin entered the room—Miss Balfour saw him—and blushed again; but going straight up to him, she even laid her little hand on his arm with a timid, yet impetuous grace and said:

"Oh, Mr. Goodwin, why need this go on? It is all against my wish. I have never had a fortune, and I don't want one. Can we not be all the same to each other that we have been—just as we feel?"

The young man colored to his temples, and after in vain trying to find words, turned away and walked out of the room. Marion thought she had offended him—stood still for a moment looking after him like a frightened child, and then ran to her room out of an opposite door.

I did not see either of them again for the rest of the day; but while I sat thinking of them with compassion, a light tap on the door caused me to look up, and Annie Goodwin stood before me. I have not said much of this young lady, and indeed, I had seen very little of her since, I came to the house, though we had of course, frequently met them before. I might well like to describe her, for she was a very beautiful girl; but as I have already explained, I had had a good reason—or thought so—for avoiding beautiful women, and so I had avoided Annie, or put on elderly gentlemen airs when we had met.

She was a golden-blonde, as Dr. Holmes would say, with more coloring in the tones, both of flesh and spirit than is found in the pale variety, and yet she did not quite belong to the type that he describes under the name; for in her, intellect seemed to dominate over her physical charms, and a sweet child-grace and freshness enwrapped both as the green calyx holds the opening rose. A lover might have found a theme for a sonnet in every feature and motion no doubt, but our first impressions are never analytical, and who recognizes the picture of a friend by a mere inventory of features?

"Come in Miss Goodwin; wont you take a seat?" I said, offering her the arm-chair from which I had risen.

"Thank you, doctor," but she did not take it immediately. She was not as free with me as Marion, though I had known her longer. She stood looking rather shyly at the floor with rising color, as if she almost repented of her errand; but her face was full of earnest purpose, and lifting it to me she said with some effort:

"Doctor, I want to ask you for some advice, not exactly professional."

I bowed assurance of my willingness to give it.

"I can't ask any of the family you know, but ever since this trouble has come upon dear father, I have been trying to think what I can do to help him. Anything I can do will be very little of course; but he is getting old, and it would kill him to have to work harder than ever, just when he ought to stop and rest. I really think I ought to support myself, and I am trying all the time to see how I can do it. I lie awake nights thinking about it. But there seems to be so few things I can do. I don't believe I could be an authoress if I tried, and then it must take so long to write a book, and it might not sell after all. I might be a governess or teacher, but I know what hard work it is, even to teach one boy like our Johnny. But the worst is that no one seems to want a governess or music teacher or anything. I look in the *Ledger* every morning, and there are always a great many situations wanted, but no place but for laundresses and cooks and ironers. I have been almost discouraged until this morning."

Seeing that she paused, I said encouragingly: "Well, have you seen anything this morning that you think might suit you?"

She hesitated, smiled a little, and blushing deeper replied, drawing a slip cut out of a newspaper from her pocket: "I—yes, doctor, I have seen your advertisement for an assistant."

As I did not answer immediately, she continued:

"I don't know what the duties of one would be, and perhaps I could not perform them as you would wish. I have had a school-mate whose father was a physician, and she did a great deal of copying for him. I can write a very good hand father says. I have written letters for him sometimes. It would be so much pleasanter to do such things for a friend than for strangers, as I should have to and we shall live so near the city, that I could spend the day in such work without father having the pain of knowing it. Then, as you say, a student might have some time for study, I could go on with my French nicely, or be reading history. You said &c; so of course you expected your assistant to be a gentleman. I hear that women are allowed to fill a great many places that used only to be given to men, and I thought this might be one. I know you said a person of experience would be preferred; but then, perhaps, no one you could get would answer all your expectations. Do you think I could be your assistant, doctor?"

Utter astonishment allowed me only to reply:

"May I ask first, Miss Goodwin, how you know this advertisement to be mine?"

Breaking into a merry laugh that steadied her voice, which had trembled from embarrassment she said:

"Oh, doctor, I am ashamed to tell you that part of the story: that colored boy mother sent to you with a note last Saturday, is a Southern darkey Mr. Balfour brought from Georgia. Marion and I had been teaching him to read and write, and he makes the most of every opportunity to improve himself in the art.

"While you were reading mother's note, he gave himself an exercise in reading manuscript from your advertisement which lay on your desk. He came and repeated every word of it to me, before he told me where he found it. I scolded him and told him I would tell you; but he didn't seem to know that he had done anything. He compliments your writing, doctor, by saying it is almost as good as mine. I always set his copies nearly as plain as printing, you know, and that is his standard for a beautiful chirography."

This account gave me a chance to relieve my mingled emotions with a hearty laugh, and so we both felt more easy. Miss Goodwin took a chair and I resumed my own.

If there were a smile in my soul, for the contrast between the idea my fancy had formed of the first one who would probably answer my advertisement, and the reality before me, I did not suffer it to appear upon my face, as I said to her with a respect that was really felt:

"Yours is the first application for the office of my assistant which I have received, Miss Goodwin, and certainly deserves consideration. Some of its duties, no doubt, no one could fulfil better than yourself. I am afraid that others would be unpleasant for a woman to undertake, even one as brave as you, but then as you very justly said, 'I may not be able to find anyone who may be able to answer all my expectations,' and perhaps I shall have to divide the office. There is some time yet before you will be ready to take the step you propose, and which, let me say, I honor you for wishing to take; and meanwhile, if you will trust me enough to leave the whole matter in my hands, and promise not to let it keep you awake any more at night, or trouble you in the daytime, I will engage to find you some position you can fill by the time you want it—if you ever do. Can you promise?"

"Yes, indeed I can, doctor," she said, simply, giving me her hand as she rose.

"You are very kind, and I do trust you entirely or I would not have come to you for such advice."

And so she left me, and after that I saw as little of her as ever; but when we did meet, a barier seemed to be removed from between us, and she looked as if she were keeping her promise.

No other applicant appeared for the position, and after the second day I withdrew my advertisement, concluding to wait until I had more time to initiate one into office.

The next two days were completely filled with the fatiguing preparations for moving and unavailing search for the lost certificates. Mr. Goodwin had rented a small cottage in Tacony, which looked very pleasant to me, but must have seemed to his family a sad substitute for their home.

The day of the auction sale arrived, it was a bright one, and there was sure to be a large attendance. The spacious parlors had been dismantled, and then filled with a great array of household goods. Paintings, which represented nearly every prominent artist in America, crowded each other on the walls; pieces of furniture that had never met before, not moving in the same set, jostled each other on the floor; tables of pine and rare woods, bore up equally a glittering display of cut glass and painted china, which had adorned many a feast; others were loaded with vases, bronzes; all the diverse articles of virtu which give an air of refinement to a house; all these set forth in order, whose beauty is appreciated by an auctioneer alone.

His red flag that looked like the sign of a pestilence fallen on the house, hung outside the windows, and people who came to buy or stare were beginning to assemble, when I went up stairs to join the family in Mr. Goodwin's room.

All were there trying to look brave, and help each other to look so; all but Mr. Goodwin himself and Marion, who, under the burden of her peculiar sorrow, had been daily growing more worn, though treated by all with the greatest tenderness. She had sturdily resisted all attempts of mine to urge her to leave town for a while, because she feared her action might be misconstrued by her relatives and the world. She spent most of her time, however, in her room.

"Mr. Goodwin is up in Henry's room," his wife said. "He insisted on being left alone there for half an hour, and I thought it would be better not to thwart him; he needs higher help than we can give him."

I sat down, and while occasional noises from below jarred on our nerves through the closed doors, we tried to get up some cheerful conversation on harmless topics. Mrs. Goodwin sat in the rocking chair, Henry beside her, and Annie on a stool at her feet. I sat near watching the group, and keeping up the conversation whenever it seemed in danger of falling. Johnny on the corner of the sofa was deep in a story book that Annie had given him to keep him quiet. One of Mr. Goodwin's widowed sisters was in the room. His two married daughters were both living in San Francisco, and of course could not come home.

"Mother, dear," said Annie, caressing the soft white hands that lay in her lap. "Do you know I think we shall be very happy at Tacony. Didn't you and father use to have pleasant times together before you were rich?"

"Yes indeed, dear."

"Oh, mother," went on Annie, "do show Doctor Redman that old daguerrotype of you and father—when you were engaged holding hands—you know. It's the funniest thing, doctor; but mother looks very pretty if she has got on a long pointed bodice, and her hair all plaited down smooth over her ears."

"Oh, yes, mother!" Johnny shouted from the sofa; "do show it to us. I haven't seen it for ever so long."

We all laughed, and Mrs. Goodwin said:

"Well, you go and get it, Johnny—it's in a little box like a trunk on the shelf in my closet."

"The trunk is locked, mother," called Johnny.

"Bring it here then, the key is fastened to it. Some one must have locked it lately, to make it ready for moving."

Johnny lugged in the box and placed it in his mother's lap.

"Why, this is strange," she said. "Some one has taken the key off the strap."

"Is it a queer brass key, mother," said Johnny, "with a flat head and an S on it?"

"Yes, dear. It was your grandfather Strong's money box."

"Then, I've got it myself. Papa said I could have it. I found it on his table ever so long ago tied on the ring with his key, and I asked him if I couldn't have it to make seals with, and he said, yes—yes, Johnny, run away now! he was thinking so hard I don't believe he knew what I wanted. Here it is;" and Johnny fished up the key from the depths of a boy's pocket.

Mrs. Goodwin took it, saying: "Why what could papa have wanted with it?" Then, unlocking the box, and opening it in her lap said:

"Why, your father has put some of his papers in here. Oh! Henry! the certificate!"

We all started to our feet. Mrs. Goodwin held a package tight in her hand, and sat staring at it as if she did not see anything.

Annie turned deathly pale, and I sprang to support her, while Henry took the box from his mother's lap, and said in a voice meant to be controlled, but trembling with excitement:

"Mother, dear, we must be calm. Think of father."

At the mention of her husband, Mrs. Goodwin seemed to wake as from a dream, and starting up said: "Let me go and tell him, and then we can all thank God together."

Henry looked at me. "I had better go with you, Mrs. Goodwin," I said. "We must be careful how we break this good news to Mr. Goodwin in his weak state."

This caution had the effect of exciting her at once, and taking my arm, she went up with me to Henry's room, he and Annie following, while Mr. Goodwin's sister went to find some one by whom to send the news down stairs and stop the sale.

We reached Henry's door, but heard no sound within.

Mrs. Goodwin gave an abrupt nervous knock. Instantly the report of a pistol followed as if caused by it, and we heard a heavy fall. I burst open the door, which was not locked, and what a sight met our eyes. He to whom we had come to bring life from the dead, lay stretched in his own blood on the floor, one of Henry's pistols fallen out of his hand; a suicide when God was just about to give back all that could make life happy—honor and home.

No wonder that the poor wife swooned at the fearful sight. Henry reeled, but controlled himself to help me bear his mother out of the room, and keep Annie from witnessing the scene. Then shutting the door I approached the prostrate form.

His face was bathed in blood, and I expected to find half his skull blown away, but as I bent over him I saw that the wound was not sufficient to cause immediate death. The pistol could not have been placed against the head, for the ball had grazed the skull, going back from the ear, making an ugly long wound, but not even entering the bone. Opening his vest I placed my hand over his heart, and found it beating weakly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the King.

THOUGH only eight years old when the head of the martyr-king fell before the rebel's axe at Whitehall, Alice de Burgh remembered well the sob of horror that thrilled through the little village of King's Holme, when the terrible news came down from town that his Majesty Charles I. had been foully murdered.

Until this sad day the De Burghs had been ardent Royalists. Well did Alice recollect the sad-faced monarch taking her on his knee, and saying, as he kissed her childish brow lightly, "These bright eyes will do much execution in my son's Court sometime, my good lord," and her father answering, as he bowed low, "I say rather in your own, my liege. May God preserve you to see my little Alice's children pay their homage to your Majesty himself. What better future could we wish for loyal blood as ours?"

But, alas! the King died, and the De Burghs going with the times, swore fealty to Oliver Cromwell and gave support to the Parliament party.

But Alice grew up with a bitter feeling of hate in her heart towards the Lord Protector, she prayed in secret for the return of Charles's son, whom she dimly remembered as a tall, dark youth, on her memorable visit to the Court, and when she grew to seventeen and fully understood how the poor boy had tried to regain his own, she swore to herself that she would dedicate herself to his service, and give up anything and everything, aye! even life itself, for the king.

And presently she began to find out that there were secrets in the old house, where she had lived all her life, that were only known to her parents, and that though her father openly professed the strictest form of the Puritan religion, yet at times Cavalier hints would be dropped before her or her mother that in time Alice would have to make her open profession of religion, and not in the poor church, where the tower was yet bellless, and where the broken beautiful stained glass windows were yet boarded up, and where the bosses had been stolen away, and the marble pillars used as posts to stable the horses of the Commonwealth soldiers against.

Just after her seventeenth birthday, when all England knew that the mighty Cromwell lay dying, her mother called her into her room, and closing the door, told that she was going to confide a terrible secret to her keeping. "You are no coward, my child," she said, "and you can remember our good and gracious King, and will therefore be prepared to welcome his successor."

"Oh, dear mother," replied Alice, "how thankful I am to hear you speak like this; I have never forgotten his majesty, or ceased to pray that his son may come back to us, and give us once more freedom to breathe and have pretty things around us."

"Not so fast, little Alice," said Lord de Burgh, who entered at this moment with the aid of a private key. "The Protector yet lives, he is still most powerful, and has a son who can yet carry on his dreadful work; but we must be still, and work as the mole does in the darkness, should we wish to succeed in our hearts' desire; but now come, let me show you one of our secrets, then I shall see if you are able to be trusted with all."

And so saying, and bidding Alice remain perfectly still, he touched the head of a marble figure that stood in a recess by the chimney-piece, and presently Alice heard the sound of machinery working quietly under her feet, and then the floor opened in front of her, just wide enough to allow of a full-grown person to enter the space.

A queer damp smell, as of a vault, ascended, and then, very far below in the dense darkness, Alice seemed to see a pale glimmer of light, as if a star had got lost there and had somewhat dimmed its radiance. She moved involuntarily backwards, and looked at her mother. Lady de Burgh smiled, and lighting a taper, gave it to Alice and bade her follow her lead.

Alice now saw that a light ladder of ropes hung straight down into the abyss, but she would not appear to be frightened, and though trembling somewhat, she went forward, and commenced the descent.

Then her father, taking the light, showed her how the ladder was very short, and soon they stepped on a stone floor, from which a strong staircase carefully guarded by handrails led down the rest of the distance.

The place had evidently been used as a church, and also as a burial place, for there were several mouldering crosses, on the arms of one or two of which hung fresh wreaths of immortelles.

Lord de Burgh noticed the immortelles, and a shadow of anxiety crossed his brow.

"It is well that we came," said he, "for the time for action is nearer than I thought. See, Alice, we use these crosses as a means of communication. There are three entrances to this place, known only to the owners of the castles around, in one of which our well-loved Prince is now playing the cruel part of a French servant.

"They all belong to members of our family, and I see by these wreaths that they have had collected means and arms sufficient for their purpose, and will send a trusty messenger next week to fetch my contribution; then we rise, and strike for God and the King. Now look what I do, and be sure you do not forget."

Then Lord de Burgh handed Alice the light, and pushing back a small knob, so small that it looked like an excrescence on the wall, the side of the cellar gave way, and disclosed a cave, full of kegs of gunpowder, arms of all sorts, and two great square chests, iron-bound and clamped. "The gunpowder will want drying," said Lord de Burgh, "but otherwise everything is right. Now you remember, Alice, where all is, should by any chance your mother and I be absent when the signal comes, and we strike our first blow for the King."

And before going back, he made Alice prove to him that she was not likely to forget the secret of the cave, and leading her blind-fold once or twice round the place, took off the bandage only to see her unhesitatingly go at once to the little knob in the wall and press it, without being in the least bewildered at the trial.

In returning, they were only just in time to roll back the flooring and recover the floor with the loose mat, and to take their seats composedly in the room, when there came a knock at the outer door.

"The messenger is leaving, my lady" said the Puritan maid, putting her head in, "and he craves speech with my lord before he goes."

"Tell him my lord is but just risen," answered Lady de Burgh; "that he is yet indisposed, but that he will descend in a few moments and grant him an audience."

Then as the maid departed, she turned to her husband and said, "A messenger from Whitehall, my lord. The Protector died last night, and we are bidden by the order of the Commonwealth to his funeral."

"I will go at once," muttered Lord de Burgh, "and it is time to see the white coats all underground, and we must seize every opportunity we can to strengthen our arms.

"Nay, patience, my good Lord," said Lady de Burgh softly, "we must go to London; some of the others are expected, and if we go quietly at the Commonwealth's behest, those in authority will suspect them less than they do at present; now go down, see the messenger, and then we can make our plans; the less delay now the better."

Lord de Burgh came to the conclusion that, after all, his wife's advice was good, and going down made all arrangements to take part in the funeral ceremonies at such a time as they should be determined on. Then having parted from the messenger, he rode forth to see his kindred, and lay plans for the future.

It was with a disturbed countenance that he returned, and calling Alice and her mother into his room, closed the door and said, "Now is indeed [illegible] come, and it is hard that I should have to pay homage to the murderer, and not strike one blow for the righteous cause. They all agree with you, wife, that we should attend this ceremony, and Alice here will have to act the man, and be ready to take my place.

"At any moment his Majesty may require our stores, and you Alice, will have to give them into the hands of his messenger, whenever and however he may send him.

"I pray that the call may come before we go away; but if it should not, remember—you are to yield them to no one save to him who shall come masked, wearing a striped cloak, and who shall knock at your window three several times. Then you shall rise, and open and say, 'For whom dost thou come?' and if the man shall say, 'For the King,' then shall you give into his hands all that I have this day shown you. Remember, and say nothing."

Devoutly hoping that the mysterious visitant would come before she was left alone, Alice undertook to perform her parent's behests, but the days went on and she was beginning to believe that she had dreamed all that she had seen, when her parents received their summons to the funeral, and departed, leaving her all alone.

The short days were beginning to fall over the autumn world; deep mists lay round the Hall, and the sad winds seemed to chant the flowers' requiem.

One night she had fallen asleep in her chair, the fire burned low, the gray ashes fell one by one; presently the fire went out, the room grew cold, and she awoke with a shiver to hear three distinct knocks on the window-pane. She started up, and listened intently.

In a moment her father's words came back to her, and remembering that she had to act in his place, she took the light, and going to the window, unbarred it and threw it open. But on hearing "For the King," Alice drew back and allowed the mysterious visitant to come in.

After a moment's pause she led him into her mother's room, and moving the head of the marble figure, caused the floor to roll back and the wide abyss of darkness to yawn before their feet.

Then they began their descent, never speaking until they found themselves in the [illegible] great cavern. Here too man paused and said, "You are indeed remarkably [illegible], Miracle Burgh not many of our brave gentlemen would descend through darkness with a masked stranger into the earth.

"Now I have to wait here until help comes to remove these treasures; but see, I will give you a receipt, and in return you shall give me your cross; I promise it shall be restored to you, but when and where I cannot at present say."

Alice gave him the cross, rather surprised at his request; then taking the paper he offered her from his outstretched hand, she rose, and proceeded to bid him good-night. But he naturally accompanied her back to the place whence they had started, and stood watching until he saw the floor roll back again, when he returned to finish his work.

Alice was quite unstrung when she found herself in her room, and it was not until morning had long dawned that she slept, which she woke to feel a light kiss on her brow and to see her mother standing by her. "So he has been, said she. "Ah! your father knows all about it, now tell me exactly what happened."

And so, and then handed her the piece of paper given to her by the man the night before. Lady de Burgh examined it when she saw it, and then said, "Listen, Alice, this is the Majesty's own writing, received at Lord de Burgh, this night, a thousand proofs of his loyalty, to be repaid to him by me at Whitehall Stairs, London."

"Ah!" God bless the King and bring him soon again to his own. How soon that prayer was answered every student of English history knows; but every one does not know that when Alice de Burgh was presented at the court of Charles II. by her mother, that when the king saw her he smiled, and bidding her wait a while, gave some whispered directions to one of his lords-in-waiting, who speedily returned, bringing with him an ebony casket.

"My lords and ladies," said the King, "when I was wandering and homeless these good people gave me their all, they trusted me even with their daughter;" and then, having told them the story of the hidden cave, he opened the casket, and there, inside, lay Alice's cross, now enriched with jewels and bearing a scroll on which was written in diamonds, "For the King." What more romantic to add can be told in a few words. Alice married and lived happy long years in the quiet Hall at King's Holme and though, sometimes wild stories of the vice and extravagance of Whitehall were wafted even to that distant country spot, she would never believe any of them.

ALTHOUGH many are Predisposed to Lung Troubles from Birth, yet even such may escape Consumption, or other Pulmonary or Bronchial disease, if due care and watchfulness be observed, and all existing causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. Jayne's Expectorant expresses its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of its cures. Besides promptly relieving Coughs and Colds, which when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflammation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the organs of the secretions which [illegible] and which rapidly destroy [illegible].

FOREST FIRES.

THE pioneers who settle in the forests of the new world find themselves face to face with an enemy. This enemy is the forest itself. Giant pines, sturdy oaks, strong beeches, chestnut and the underbrush are so many obstacles to be removed before the plough can turn a furrow. Even after these have been cut down the windfalls, the stumps and roots, must be removed, and fences built to protect the crops. Between August and November of nearly every year, there are several weeks of warm, dry weather. The harvests having been gathered in, the settler sets himself to "clearing" that portion of his many acres which is littered with dead or fallen trees, stumps and bushes. The dry weather favors him. The timber is inflammable, the leaves dead, and in a few weeks he is able to accomplish by means of fire what only the incessant toil of months would otherwise achieve.

At long periods of ten or fifteen years, however, there comes a drouth. With the exception of an occasional shower, no rain will fall during a part of July, August and September. Wells are almost destitute of water, deep rivers are almost fordable; the grass dries and turns red; the leaves fall prematurely from the trees; timber becomes tinder; the atmosphere is of a furnace heat—oppressive and dry, seeming almost ready to burst spontaneously into flames. Every year during the warm dry season forest fires originating from the fires of burning bushes, from the sparks of saw mills and locomotives and hunters camps, sweep away a great deal of timber, and here and there an isolated farmhouse, a barn full of crops the growing grain, burning even stock and human beings. But in these especially long dry seasons the thoughtless settlers or the reckless hunters will fire to the brush heaps. For days these will burn slowly. Suddenly the wind springs up, the fires start and spread. Before they can be arrested they have caught the tall timber, the flames rush to the top and envelope the tree in the twinkling of an eye. In a few hours an acre or more of forest will be in flames and beyond all human control. The resinous boughs of pine, hemlock, spruce and fir kindle with the touch of a spark and produce heat so intense as to give a fierce draught. It will then dry the wood in living trees to such an extent that they will readily burn. After a forest fire has been raging for a considerable time it leaves in its track trees before it so that it prepares the trees through which it passes to feed the advancing flames. A fire once under headway will generally continue in its course till an extensive clearing or a body of water is reached.

These fires, once started, travel with incredible swiftness—at times almost as fast as a horse can run. Their roar is like the roar of a great cataract. They still come down upon a settlement with scarcely any warning. The smoke is seen at a distance. It increases—is so soon so thick that the air grows dark. It becomes darker. Candles and lanterns must be lighted in order to see or move. Suddenly a deep red glare, turning everything to the color of blood, bursts through the midnight cloud. The heat becomes intolerable. Great sheets of flame tower overhead. Huge trunks, which are the resinous pine knots and other half-burnt pieces, seem to burst everywhere, setting fire to everything they touch. People run for their lives, sometimes in vain, others, catching up their horse and mounting bare-backed, ride away over the rough roads, preceding the burning ocean that [illegible] the terrified fugitives to the top of their speed. If not overtaken by another fire driving head upon them in another direction, may escape to a large clearing or a settlement out of the way of the flames. Often the fire overtakes people [illegible] that they do not have time to dress but rush out with scarcely anything but under garments or night dresses upon them. Young ladies who have a great accumulation of clothing of every kind, are often seen with nothing except a wrapper, and are compelled to go about bare-footed. It seems almost impossible that people having so much around them could come away and leave it without taking something with them. Terror and excitement seem to seize them, and they leave everything. A few women were found literally naked, holding their babes in their arms. Sometimes their only refuge are their wells and the ditches by the road. Ten or a dozen people have been found in one well and in one case a child was born under these appalling circumstances. The heat is so great that a person standing in the middle of a field of twenty-five acres would be roasted. Moreover the people live near the great Lake Huron, they take refuge in the water. Even then the heat is so great that they throw water upon each other to keep from burning; and the water is so heated with the ashes that it is almost impossible to stand it. Even though they are standing up to their necks in the lake, they are almost dying and scores of sailors of a burnt wood are found on the lake, whether the flames have driven them, and into which they have dropped from exhaustion. The shores of the lake are lined with game; porcupines, woodchucks, squirrels, white bear and bears are found roasted in the woods.

Many persons are unable to escape. The snake subsists, yet the heat destroys them by thousands and are burned to death. Two or three hundred lives are reported lost, and it is believed that this does not cover the whole number. Cattle, sheep and hogs have been burned by the hundreds. The darkness and the fire make many people think the last day had come and it is hard to persuade them otherwise.

Our Young Folks.

SEEING THE WORLD.

BY PIPKIN.

WHITE-PAW was a young mouse that lived with his mother, a gentle, unambitious, contented body, who never had had an aspiration in her life.

Their home was in a barn, behind some stacks of corn, a marvel of comfort, as they thought; and when a strong sunbeam flashed in upon them at midday, "That is the sun," said Mrs. Mouse; and when a ray of the moon stole in like a fairy, "That is the moon," quoth the simple creature, and thought she was very wise to know so much.

But little White-paw, Mrs. Mouse's son, was of a more inquisitive questioning turn of mind, and queer little dreams and fancies would come to him as he frisked, played and rejoiced in that one flash of sunshine, that one gleam of moonlight, as his sun, his moon, with never a star to wink and twinkle at him.

But there came an end to all his aimless friskings, dreams, and fancies, for one day he put the astounding question to his stay at home mother:

"Mother, what is the world?"

"A great, terrible place!" was the answer, and Mrs. Mouse looked as grave as a judge.

"How do you know, mother—have you ever been there?" queried the young hopeful.

"No, child; I shudder to think of it;" and mother was all shivers and shakes.

"But why, mother?" queried the mite of a creature, as boys and girls are wont to ask the whys and wherefores of their elders' views and theories.

"Your father was lost in the great world, my son"—Mrs. Mouse's voice was very sorrowful.

"Knowing better! why he was the wisest mouse of all!" said the faithful spouse, who had loved and lost.

"I couldn't have been alive then, as I'm the wisest mouse alive now. I shall do better than my father," soliloquised White-paw to himself, his little head bent on one paw; aloud he said, "Mother, I've made up my mind to go and see the world myself," at which Mrs. Mouse held up her paws in distress and amazement.

"Well, good-bye, mother," squeaked the little would-be adventurer.

"So soon, my son, so soon! Oh, what has the world you are so eager to seek done for you or me?" moaned Mrs. Mouse.

"Say that when I come back, mother, the world is of all the mice in the neighborhood," but his mother still wept, gave him a great hug, and he was gone.

He had not gone many steps when he met Mr. Gaffer Greybeard, a sage old mouse, whose words were words of wisdom.

"Well, where are you off to, Mr. Pertmouse?" he questioned, as the young traveller whisked by.

"I'm off to see the world," was the answer.

"Then good-bye, if that is where you are bound for—for I never expect to see you again," said the old mouse dryly.

"I see no fear; at any rate, I'll take my chance," rejoined the other.

"Ah! chance! there spoke a young silly pate," quoth the elder. "Take an old mouse's advice, and beware of mouse-traps."

"Mouse-traps! What are mouse-traps?" questioned White-paw.

"You'll know them when you see them. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" responded the younger. He trotted on, and Gaffer Greybeard gazed after him, scratching his ears with his paw.

"Dear me, dear me! I'm afraid he will never make a prosperous mouse of it. I fear me, thus thinking, he went on his way.

And White-paw went on his way. Just outside the barn he met another young mouse, who was a stranger to him.

"Good morning! Where are you going?" asked he who was not White-paw.

"I'm off to see the world."

"That's just where I'm going; we'll both go together."

And so they did, right merrily, and proudly, too, for they even put on a self-confident little swagger, as into the farmyard they trotted.

"Oh, how big the world is!" said White-paw, rising on his hinder legs, to survey all around him.

"And what queer creatures live in the world!" said the other, as the cocks crowed, the hens clucked, the chickens chirped, the cows lowed, the pigs grunted, and through an iron gate they saw a sleek mare in a paddock which was adjoining, whom the house-dog yelped and barked, as if he enjoyed the humor of the mare's views.

"Yes, we shall see queer sights when we get back," so they talked, making a tour of the yard.

"But we shan't know much, unless we ask questions," remarked White-paw, as they came across a friendly-looking pig.

"Please, sir," asked the wee simpleton, "are you a mouse?" which made the pig pause, and consider.

"Yes, if you like to call me so, I don't care," and the little friends believed him.

"Oh! there are great black mice, great white mice, and great spotted mice in the world," said White-paw, and looked very wise.

Now a cow stared at them.

"Please, sir, are you a mouse?" queried White-paw's companion.

"Sir! I'm no sir! Get out of my way, or, I'll tell you if I'm not a mouse," so lowed the offended cow, and chewed the cud in quiet scorn.

"Not a very civil mouse," remarked White-paw.

"There are great big mice with horns, very uncivil, in the world." He then looked round upon the cocks and hens. "Please, are you and your friends mice?" he questioned of an old ramble-looking hen with one chick.

"Oh, bless you, yes, if folk like to call us so—what's in a name?" clucked the hen, blinking at them with her round eyes.

"Queer mice, these but civil spoken," whispered the two friends together, "they have only two legs, and some have tongues outside their mouths." And now up to the dog they made their way.

"Please, are you a mouse, sir?" but the dog yelped, barked, and snapped so, that they ran away in terror.

In their eager haste to get clear of the dog, they had not heeded where they were going, but pounced into the kitchen of the farmhouse, where a large tabby cat lay dozing by the fire. But no sooner did they appear, than she arose to meet them.

"What a polite fat mouse!" remarked White-paw. "Please, ma'am——" but pussy's eyes, with their horrid glare, silenced his tongue.

Alas! his poor little friend! alas! alas! There was a cry, a crunching of bones, and White-paw fled, fled, fled away into the pantry—a large pantry full of savory smells.

His heart cried out for his friend, but the smell of toasted cheese made his mouth water.

It must be toasted cheese; he had heard of it, but never tasted it, had never even smelt such a luxury before, but it must be this dainty of dainties, and round the pantry he went, sniff, sniff, sniffing with his little nose, in the most comical way imaginable.

Yes, there it was on the floor, in a peculiar sort of box with three large entrances to it; ah! and here it was again, too, smelling daintier than ever, in a small thing very like an open mouth.

There were teeth, sharp looking teeth, too, there, but White-paw did not know a mouse-gin or trap when he saw it.

White-paw was very hungry, and began eagerly to nibble the tempting bait. Clash! the silly creature was caught, he had indeed come to see the world.

"Mother! mother!" he moaned, and wrung his small fore-paws with anguish, but one of his hinder legs and his tail were crushed between the murderous teeth; he was a little prisoner.

How he struggled, and moaned, and thought of his father! Should he be lost in the great world, and never go back wise and great to make proud his mother's heart? A little squeaking sound made him look round, and a limping old mouse with three legs stood beside him.

"Struggle hard, my son, struggle hard, my son, better lose a leg and tail than your life. See, I was such as you," and he held up a poor limb that had been mangled and torn, but healed over. "How came you here?" he asked.

"I came to see the world, and 'tis a terrible place." As White-paw spoke, he struggled himself free, but, alas! the point of his tail and one paw lay behind in the gin.

"Never mind, my son, never mind, let us hop away for our lives," and off they went, two poor halting creatures, to a nook the older cripple knew of.

"The world is full of traps and gins baited with toasted cheese to tempt the simple, but it is not such a bad place for some, the great and the wise, who have eyes to see.

"But go home, and take this advice with you, that small creatures were intended to fill small corners, where the great ones can't come; let everybody keep to his corner, everybody keep to his work.

"I have learnt this, since I went out, like you, to see the world, and got caught; and also, that my world lay in the corner where nature placed me;" so spoke the old mouse.

"And ought all to stay at home?" asked poor White-paw, writhing with pain.

"No, some must start of course, but only wise heads can keep clear of gins and traps. But now, good-bye, for you will be best at home."

They parted. White-paw in tears, and in tears he neared home, but he brushed them away, and pretended he was not large as he crept into his dear peaceful home, to his fond mother's side.

"Mother, I've seen the world," said he, bravely.

"My dear son, what is it like?" asked Mrs. Mouse, hugging him, as if he had been given to her from death.

"Ah! it's a grand place; there are great black mice, great white ones, and great spotted ones; uncivil mice with horns and red backs, some with two legs, and I know not what beside there."

"Mercy me! mercy me!" cried the mother, holding up her two paws.

"And, mother," said the small thing, sadly, "I've learnt what a mouse-trap is; Mr. Gaffer Greybeard said I should, and I have."

"What is that about Mr. Gaffer Greybeard?" said a voice, and that gentleman himself walked in.

"I've learnt what a mouse-trap is," said White-paw, meekly.

"Ah! then," quoth the aged sage, "you've not seen the world in vain."

"And I'm going to stay at home till I'm wise, before I go to see the world again." And he did. For after his wounds were healed there wasn't a more careful mouse in all the world.

CHICAGO has a larger proportion of Hebrews in its population than any other city in the world.

JESSIE'S LECTURE.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

THOUGH, above all things, I would avoid wearying my reader, I must take you up one, two, three flights of stairs. Here we are brought face to face with the modest announcement that "Robert S. Daggett" is a "Solicitor at Law."

Of course we shall find Robert Daggett a young solicitor.

It is only young solicitors without old clients who have to take third-story chambers where new clients never come.

Our first impressions are that Robert Daggett does not take exercise enough. Else he would have more blood in his face, his animal nature would have asserted itself more strongly, and his functions of hope—if you will permit the expression—would have been better developed and more active.

Robert Daggett had come to Lockwood two years ago.

During all this time he had been as active and aggressive as his sense of professional propriety permitted, and had made very little money.

"I don't know," he slowly soliloquized, as he shut a half-dozen opened volumes, and arranged them in their places in his meagre library—"I don't know just how far the contempt of riches should be carried, but I am each day learning what the want of them expressly involves.

"It means that I must take meat once a day, and no oftener, or visions of bankrupt acts rise to haunt me; it means that I must wear each and every one of my coats threadbare; it means that I must ask Miss A. to church, whilst Mr. B. takes her to the opera.

He had put the last book away, and turning on his heel, began to pace back and forth amid the gathering shadows of the October evening.

"I wonder what the outside world thinks of such a race?

What its practical men and fair women say? But Heaven forgive the meanness of that inquiry!"

And the thin lip curled as he turned the key in the door and buttoned up his coat.

* * * * * *

If riches constitute happiness, Jessie Tupper was the happiest girl in town. Or if, peradventure, an admired face, warm impulses, and popular ways, are all needed, the possibility of enjoying the divinest of blessings was still here.

But she did not look altogether happy. Now it is just barely possible that the novel she tossed to the table had not concluded to the eternal fitness of things, and I am given to understand that events of this kind have no little influence upon the current of life down which some young ladies glide.

The drawing-room door opened, and the tall, erect form of a middle-aged man entered.

"Ah, Jessie!" as he picked up the book and scanned the title. "'A Woman's Wrongs,' involving, of course, 'A Woman's Rights.'"

"And, now, uncle, for my lecture."

And Jessie Tupper arranged herself for the ordeal with a mock solemnity.

"Of course you deserve one!" he grimly smiled. "Lecture first: A book ought to instruct, or it ought to inspire, or it ought—to be burnt; and, this, doubtless, is guilty unto death."

"I am disappointed in it, and in most novels," answered Jessie, with a growing earnestness. "I find so few rules that seem practical."

Her uncle lifted his shaggy eyebrows with mock astonishment.

"And do you read novels in search of practical rules for better living and better thinking? Then let me recommend the rule of three as altogether more practical than the rule of two, which, doubtless, runs through these pages."

"I am ready for just such discourse!" laughed Jessie. "But really, uncle, I read with a good purpose, if with poor results. I want to find a correct measurement of just such people as I meet.

"I want to find answers to the questions that each day suggest themselves; but I rarely succeed."

"Of course you don't. Dickens knew that the anonymous sketches by George Eliot were written by a woman, because the portraits of the women in them were more powerfully drawn than those of the men; and who has drawn both, save Shakspere?"

"*Ergo*," smiled his pretty niece, with the least of blushing, "I must dedicate myself to the novel of men."

"Oh, ho!" drawled Captain Norwood, humorously; "then you're seeking to better understand men—me, for instance? But why, Jessie," and his voice lost its bantering strain, "should not all young ladies dedicate themselves to such a science above all others?

"The bank manager wants every mystery of the life, nature, morals, and purposes of his cashier made brighter than day; but you—are some day to give your heart and honor to a man's keeping!"

"No, no!" Jessie exclaimed, with a rebuking look and smile. "I shall die an old maid."

"You might better, perhaps, if you fail to solve the problem. But come, give me some examples to work on."

"Indeed, uncle, you're more practical than usual; I can't have any particular man in view."

"Of course not—of course not! But get one in view, we must have an example."

Jessie Tupper hesitated.

"No names, no names—a description will answer."

"I might give you a dozen."

"One will do better."

"How, then, would so practical a man as yourself explain the wherefore of a young solicitor of apparently social nature, easy manner, and good conversational powers, absolutely shunning society?"

"Easy enough! Easy enough!" answered the Captain, as he stroked his whiskers with an air of a man of profound convictions.

"In the first place, he can't afford society, and in the second place he can't afford to fall in love."

"Can't afford to fall in love?"

"Of course not. The true lover crucifies his love, if he believes it will not bless its object. He does not care to link her bright fate to his dark one."

"Well, indeed, that's romantic!" laughed Jessie. "I'm much afraid, uncle, you've been brought up on novels."

"But all that I say is true as gospel, and I can prove it."

"How?"

"When would you expect this brilliant young solicitor to come into your presence again, supposing him like unto other men?"

"I didn't say he was brilliant."

"But I did. You see you have converted me already."

"He ought to be at the volunteer ball on Monday, but he won't."

"Yes, he will."

His manner was even more emphatic than his words, so that Jessie Tupper looked up with a stare of mingled surprise and drollery into her uncle's face.

"Now I don't endorse wager by battle, or otherwise, but I will wager you a silk dress against a pair of slippers that he will be there, and I shall in no wise have the matter suggested to him—isn't that fair?"

Jessie could only laugh at her uncle's earnestness, and the absurdity of his proposition, but she accepted the wager.

"Give me his address."

"Why, he's only an illustration, uncle!"

And there were threatenings of the return of her embarrassment.

"Of course—of course, Jessie!"

"Robert S. Daggett—Bank Buildings—that's all I know about it," tapping her little slippers uneasily against the fender.

"But it is up three stories—but one wager at a time—and I will book it."

Whereupon, in the most matter-of-fact way, Captain Norwood took down the address, and wrote underneath it the wager.

* * * * * *

"ROBERT S. DAGGETT—

"Please write me in fifteen minutes, and one hundred words, the difference between Trespass on the Case, and Trespass *vi et armis*.

"You may answer this or not, just as you please. The boy waits your decision."

Robert Daggett read it twice, and then looked at the boy who had brought it. It was all in vain.

"Very strange and summary way for seeking out legal advice," he soliloquized; "but I cannot afford to deal out charily my legal treasures."

And, so thinking, he seized a pen and dashed down:—

"Trespass *vi et armis* has two elements. First, unlawful commission; second, force continuing in motion from the plaintiff's hands until it reaches and injures defendant. If either one is present without the other, it constitutes Trespass on the Case."

"Now that's what I call clever," reasoned Captain Norwood, half aloud, as he read the above answer to this letter. "Very clever, and clear as sunshine. Campbell knew it all, but he could not put it to me so that I could see it, and that I do not like. When our road runs over a man I want to know just what we've done, and why the action is Trespass on the Case. This tells me, and I shall see Campbell to-day, and write Daggett to-morrow. So clear a head cannot hurt the case, and I want to give him a chance to breathe, and to go into society, and I want to win those slippers and solve a greater problem than some novelists ever have."

* * * * * *

It was the Tuesday morning after the ball.

"And now, Jessie, for the committee's report. Was Robert Daggett there?"

"Yes, uncle, but——

"But nothing!" he shouted out with his old imperious humor. "Only have those slippers ready by Christmas."

And then the Captain bent his head, and said something in so low a tone that your author could not catch it; but Jessie Tupper must have heard every word, for she crimsoned splendidly, as she exclaimed in pathetic remonstrance, "Now, uncle!"

CREMATION—Of the question of cremation, that has been so much discussed in Europe and America, the Japanese have had established and fixed opinions dating back to the early history of the Empire. Burning the dead is the custom. A traveller says, when I first saw the burial-place of the Japanese I could not understand the arrangement of the memorial stones. It puzzled me much, for they generally stand in rows, and are fashioned with a square base of about eighteen inches to two feet, upon which stands a sculptured tablet about three feet high. Of course there are many exceptions to this general rule, there being many pretentious monuments to be seen. The bodies of the dead are burned at night. Generally from ten to twelve hours are occupied in the burning, or from sunset to sunrise, after which the relatives and friends gather together the charred bones and they are interred in an earthen jar, in which they are securely sealed.

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.

Grains of Gold.

Fulfil all promises.

Folks do live through a sight of suffering.

It is not profession, but fruit that glorifies God.

Tears are the showers that fertilize this world.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.

It is foolish to borrow trouble from to-morrow.

The heart benevolent and kind the most resembles God.

Do not allow yourself to lose temper or speak excitedly.

Do not appear to notice inaccuracies of speech in others.

Happiness is where we find it; but rarely where we seek it.

Nothing extinguishes human ambition so perfectly as the absence of obstacles.

True souls are made brighter by sorrow. The ocean is most phosphorescent after a storm.

Have the courage to do without that which you need not, however much you may admire it.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.

He who reigns within himself and rules his passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.

Don't "cut" anybody—that is, take care not to know any one whom you will be obliged to "cut."

With what beautiful resignation some people can bear the greatest bereavements and misfortunes of life.

The repentance that is delayed until old age, is but too often a regret for the inability of committing more sins.

Often what a man takes for the dictate of conscience is nothing more than a whiff of impulse, a caprice, a crotchet.

Never give letters of introduction unless you are prepared to be responsible for the person to whom they are given.

Make such a world as you wish, let no appetite or passion ever resist God's will, no object or desire ever come in competition with duty.

Have the courage to face a difficulty, even though it should kick you harder than you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

"Ye are my witnesses," said Christ to his disciples. One truly Christian life will do more to prove the divine origin of Christianity than many believe.

These six—the peevish, the niggard, the dissatisfied, the passionate, the suspicious, and those who live upon others' means—are forever uneasy and unhappy.

When doing what is right the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practicing deceit the mind labors, and every day seems to get worse.

All uplifting must come to man through his own effort. It is in him to prove himself the master of elementary life, and to ascend by this knowledge.

There are certain gossips in society who resemble long and twisted trumpets—what they receive as a faint whisper, they give out in a long, connected blast.

It was the atmosphere of Elkanah's and Hannah's godly house that produced a Samuel. It was the wretched air of Eli's house which ruined Hophni and Phineas.

There is as much difference between silent caution and cautious silence as there is between an eye-glass and a glass-eye; one is an artificial mean, and the other a mean artifice.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the severe ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and loves us better, too.

Once give your mind up to suspicion and fear, and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

Recall at night not only your business transactions, but what you have said of those of whom you have spoken during the day, and weigh in the balance of conscience what you have uttered.

Whatever man's danger in his position in life, or firm the severity of his temptations, if he will only lay the hand of what little faith he has on God, he will then walk steadily and safely in the path of right.

"Letters which are warmly sealed, are too often coldly opened," says Jean Paul Richter. When writing, remember the character of the person you are addressing, and don't waste your sweetness upon desert air.

Have the courage to leave a convivial party at the proper hour for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and to stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go.

One would think that near relations, who live continually together, and always have done so, must be pretty well acquainted with one another's character. They are nearly in the dark about it. Familiarity confounds all traits of distinction; interest and prejudice take away the power of judging.

"Feel Like a New Person."

A patient, after giving Compound Oxygen a trial, writes: "Headache all gone; good appetite, and can sleep all night without coughing—a thing I have not been able to do for a year. I feel like a new person. I can breathe now." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

In this country there are at present 140 woman law firms.

Nearly every leading Chicago paper has a lady on its editorial staff.

This is the way a contemporary puts it: Two cold—your wife's feet.

Only thirteen lady candidates for superintendents of schools in Iowa!

The hair for ladies of all ages, it is said, is to be worn brushed upward and high.

More than three thousand Hindoo girls are now receiving educations in Christian schools in India.

Miss Leonora Horn, of Peru, Neb., has a head of hair 68 inches in length. She has refused $500 for it.

A Boston paper states that a South End man calls his wife Crystal, because she is always on the watch.

Carpet designing is a new employment open to women. But women always have some design on the carpet.

The cycle of life—Baby, girl, woman, wife, baby.—Ex. Sometimes it's baby, girl, woman, old maid, poodle dog.

Latest out—Breakfast caps for young ladies are the latest fashion. And, conversely, fashionable young ladies are the latest at breakfast.

A point to be noticed and commented on, says a contemporary, is the absence of powder and rouge from the better portion of New York women.

Avoid that which you blame others for doing, says one of our wise men. Well, things have come to a pretty pass if a man can't kiss his own wife.

An Ohio woman, while repeating nursery rhymes to her child, stopped in the middle of a verse, stepped into an adjoining room, and shot herself fatally.

"Ask no woman her age," says a writer on social ethics. Of course not. Just ask her next best lady friend. She will never fail to give the information.

We have heard considerable about the habit girls have of sitting on one leg. It's a very bad one—particularly if the leg doesn't belong to the young lady.

The angel of midnight—The woman who opens the street door for her husband when he was trying to unlock the bell-knob, and lets him sleep on the hall floor.

The Detroit *Free Press* informs us that it takes about thirteen minutes to load an elephant on a train, but it takes twenty for a woman to kiss her friend good-bye.

A Brooklyn woman starved to death the other day, although she had $50 in bills in the house, and $2,000 in the bank. She refused to use her money because she was afraid of starving.

"I love diamonds," says Alphonse Karr, "but I have a horror of those which show me a woman carrying in one ear the bread of her children, and in the other the honor of her husband."

Any woman is too tightly laced who cannot raise her arms up straight above her head and clasp her hands, who can not stoop to button her shoe or pick up a pin without heightening color.

Mrs. Caroline Richings Bernard, the singer, died without farewell to her husband, the poor lady insisting, as soon as she knew her disease to be small-pox, that he should not approach her sick-room.

A Washington marriage ceremony was interrupted by the bride's father, who whipped her with a rawhide, and kicked the bridegroom out of the house. It is inferred that he disapproved of the match.

An Indiana girl ran into debt for fine clothes, and committed suicide because she had no money to pay for them. A Boston girl would have worn them out before she ever thought of doing such a thing.

A lady purchased a nice new door-mat the other morning, with the word "Welcome" stamped thereon in glowing letters, and the first man that came and planted his number elevens on it was a tramp.

In Hampton, N. H., a wooden gate-post which was planted in 1787, is still standing. The beaux have been too busy to swing on its gate in summer, and in winter the girls' fathers permit them to sit indoors.

Until churches are furnished with mirrors, women will continue to keep their bonnets on during the service. Without a looking-glass, a bonnet once taken off could never be put on again. That is to say, we never saw or heard of such a thing.

"Do you know, my dear," said a husband to his wife, "that there is never a divorce case without a woman in it?" Her response was, "Do you know, my love, that there is never a breach of promise case without a very mean man in it."

"My husband says I'm worth my weight in gold," remarked one lady to another; and when the latter returned that he probably referred to her teeth, there was a coldness in the room that would have made an icicle feel warm in comparison.

Sarah Gorham, who died recently in the county asylum at Indianapolis, where she had resided for thirty-five years, has of late taken daily nineteen grains of opium, more or less morphine, and a pint of whisky. She has been known to consume 200 grains of opium in a day.

When a Camden man joined a lodge, and purchased a night latch, his wife did not make an objection. She merely placed a coal-scuttle at the head of the stairs, and the result was the same as if he had to ring the bell. He is now careful to keep himself in condition to walk around the scuttle.

Rugs needed for burglars—When the house of Mrs. Homespun was burglarized the other night, the good lady said she didn't care so much about what the critters carried off, but she hated to have everything all cluttered up, and besides that, she says, they tracked the house with snow from garret to cellar.

News Notes.

An Australian sheep was recently sold for $6,000.

There are now 65,000 doctors in the United States.

Kentucky has a newspaper called *The Scorcher*.

The world at large uses 50,000 barrels of kerosene oil a day.

Magnetic chessmen, on an iron board, is a Berlin mechanism.

Colored men are still excluded from juries in Kansas City, Mo.

A thirty-two-pound baby was born at Washington the other day.

The attempt to light Liverpool by electricity has proved a failure.

The first swine brought to this country was imported by Columbus.

Even the drug stores of Oberlin, O., are prohibited from selling alcohol.

There are only 113 books in the English language that the blind can read.

Jeff Davis, who has long been blind in one, has now nearly lost the sight of the other.

Eighteen hundred miners are working on the Comstock lode, representing a pay roll of $220,000.

An intoxicating spring, whose waters taste like Maple brandy, has been discovered in Arkansas.

In Congress there are eight Irishmen, four Scotchmen, five Englishmen, and three Germans.

According to the Signal Service Bureau, Milwaukee has the strongest winds of any city in the Union.

Last year there were 250 persons killed and 325 injured through boiler explosions in this country.

Twenty-seven missionaries sailed for China and Japan on a single San Francisco steamer recently.

Marvin, who married fifteen wives, tried to escape from the Virginia Penitentiary the other night, but failed.

A monster mill is to be built in Minneapolis which will turn out five and a half barrels of flour a minute.

The New Jersey State Prison contains ten bank officers serving sentences ranging from five to fifteen years.

An ex-slave in North Carolina is the owner of a plantation of 1,200 acres, on which he has fifteen tenants.

The tobacco monopoly of France last year yielded a net profit to the State of about sixty million dollars.

In most of the larger towns in Germany art classes have been established for mechanics, and are largely attended.

In the early days of printing books the paper was only printed on one side, and the blank sides pasted together.

Bismarck is a speculator in wood pavement, supplying London and other cities. The wood is cut from his estates.

Any teacher in Hamilton, Canada, who accepts presents from pupils in the public schools is immediately dismissed.

Massachusetts is a quiet little State, but her railroad smashups netted 123 persons killed and and 115 injured last year.

Queen Victoria's children stand in great awe of her. They were on far easier terms with their father, whom they adored.

In view of the prevalence of small-pox, public balls and dances have been prohibited in nearly all Iowa cities and villages.

At Genoa all dead bodies may now be legally burned instead of buried. The crematory furnaces are in full working order.

Refreshment and drinking houses in Warsaw have to close at 2 P. M. Proprietors neglecting this order receive twenty-five lashes.

A Washington speculator has paid Guiteau $250 for 1,000 autographs, believing that he will get $1 apiece for them after he is hanged.

Twenty four thousand packs of cards are produced daily by the authorized playing-card factory in St. Petersburg, or about seven million packs a year.

Out of one hundred samples of wine and whiskies sold over the high-toned bars in New York, only two were found free from poison and gross adulteration.

The Mayor of Indianapolis has decided that selling peanuts on Sunday is not a work of charity or of necessity, and has fined a peanut vender for the offence.

An Ohio man owns a pig, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, that was born with two legs, and it walks around on them just like the rest of the family.

It is claimed that a 14-year old newsboy in Cambridge, Mass., supports his widowed mother and his five brothers and sisters, and puts something in the bank weekly besides.

A Voice from the Press.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter, and composed of bad whisky, we were greatly surprised at their mild taste—just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Cresswell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now.

S. GILLILAND.

July 25, 1878. *People's Advocate*, Pittsburg, Pa.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL,

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vitale Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 30 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

THE **DIAMOND DYES.**

ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR

are the Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most Brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 10 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for any color wanted and be convinced. Set of fancy cards, samples of ink and 1 pkge. dye, all mailed for 10 cents. **WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.**

New Publications.

A beautiful little book entitled, "How to Paint in Water Colors," has just been issued by E. D. Kellogg & Co., of New York. It was prepared by a most successful artist and teacher and will prove of great use to all who desire to acquire the art of using water colors. The directions are minute, practical, and intelligible; the mode of using the colors, the materials themselves, and all the needful suggestions will be found in this volume. Price, in handsome stiff paper covers, 40 cents; in boards, 60 cents, postpaid.

"Winning the Battle; or, One Girl in Ten Thousand," by Mary Von-Erden Thomas, is a novel that everybody should read, for, besides being unusually interesting, it is nature itself. The style is plain and unpretentious, but all the more attractive on that account. The character-sketchings are all telling portraitures and will not soon be forgotten by the reader. The plot is simple but excellent and holds attention throughout. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 75 cents.

The second number of the "Record of Growth" is even better than the first. All interested in the past and present history of Philadelphia should read it. F. A. Davis, Publisher, 925 Chestnut street. $1.00 per year; 10 cents per copy.

We have received Nos. 11, 12, and 13 of the fine English translation of the great German poet, Schiller, from the publisher, Ignatius Kohler, 911 Arch street. All lovers of the famous writer—and he has hosts of English-reading admirers—who have not his works should by all means secure this edition. It is printed on elegant paper, in superior type, octavo size, and each number contains three or more splendid full-page engravings. It will be complete in 25 parts. Price 25 cents a part.

MAGAZINES.

The contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for March are: Science and the Woman Question, by Mrs. M. A. Hardaker; Muscular Expression of Nervous Conditions, by Dr. Francis Warner; Sir Charles Lyell, by Professor Grant Allen, (with portrait;) To Eat and Be Eaten, by Charles Morris; Materialism and Positivism, by W. D. Le Sueur; The Sirens of the Sea, by W. H. Larrabee, (illustrated;) The Machinery of Elective Government, by Professor Goldwin Smith; Sound and Radiant Heat, by Professor John Tyndall; Effects of Lightning on Rocks and Soil, by Stanislaus Meunier, (illustrated;) Longevity of Plants, by F. Hildebrand; Soda, a Remedy for Burns and Scalds, by Dr. F. Peppercorne, L. R. C. P.; The Gulf Stream and the Panama Canal; Recent Wonders of Electricity, by W. H. Preece, F.R.S.; Quackery Within the Profession; Sketch of Professor B. A. Gould, by Erving Winslow, (with portrait;) Entertaining Varieties, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York.

The *Philadelphia Musical Journal* is a monthly paper devoted to music and literature, published by William Nuneviller, at 1300 Chestnut street, this city. Besides a good amount of interesting reading matter, the February number contains the following excellent selections of instrumental and vocal music: Rhinelander Polka, March Triumphant, In the Gloaming, The Lost Chord, The Tar's Farewell, and Chorus of Dragoons from "Patience." Terms $1.00 per year; 10 cents a number.

The *North American Review* for March presents a striking array of articles, every one of which possesses contemporaneous interest. First we have a contribution from Senator George F. Edmunds on The Conduct of the Guiteau Trial. Ex-Minister Edward F. Noyes communicates the results of his observations of political affairs in France under the title of The Progress of the French Republic. In Trial by Jury, Judge Edward A. Thomas describes the social conditions under which our jury system had its origin, and notes its defects in view of the altered relations of modern life. Mr. John Fiske makes an able and ingenious analysis of the Reformation, educing therefrom the True Lesson of Protestantism. In Law for the Indians, the Rev. William Justin Harsha endeavors to demonstrate the one rational and effectual cure for our Indian troubles. Professor A. R. Palmer writes on the Fallacies of Homœopathy. Finally, the Hon. Neal Dow contributes an article on the Results of Prohibitory Legislation. The North American Review, New York.

The March number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is full of good reading. Mr. Barton D. Jones' second paper on The Gulf Coast contains some curious and interesting information about Florida. S. H. M. Byers contributes a sketch on the burning of Columbia, and Fanny Albert Doughty a readable story called A Fair Confederate Among the Pines. Some Curiosities of Superstition are detailed by an anonymous author. Henry A. Beers chats entertainingly of College Eating Clubs, and Theodore Child has a curious article on Washington on the French Stage. Besides these there are several good short stories, the serial Stephen Guthrie, and an excellent Monthly Gossip.

The March number of the *Magazine of Art* is full of articles of merit. Among them are: A Sketch of John Reginald Burgess, A. R. A., with a portrait and illustrations from his works; Alnwick Castle, with eight engravings; Book Decoration, by S. W. Kershaw, with six illustrations; Belgian Art, with four; Nuremberg Art, with ten, and "By-ways of Book Illustrations, by Robert L. Stevenson, with a review and twenty engravings of the marginal illustrations in Bagster's Pilgrim's Progress. Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

SOME EXCESSIVE WINTERS.

IN A. D., 401, the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 545, the cold was so intense in winter that the birds allowed themselves to be caught by the hand. In 763, not only the Black Sea, but the Strait of the Dardanelles was frozen over. The snow in some places rose fifty feet high, and the ice was so heaped in the cities as to push down the walls. In 822, the great rivers of Europe, such as the Danube, the Elbe, and the Seine, were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 874, the winter was very severe. The snow continued to fall from the beginning of November to the end of March, and encumbered the ground so much that the forests were inaccessible for the supply of fuel. In 891, and again in 893, the vines were killed by the frost, and the cattle perished in their stalls. In 1067, the cold was so intense, that most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133, it was extremely cold in Italy. The heaps of snow rendered the roads impassible; the wine-casks were burst, and even the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1179, the snow was eight feet deep in Austria, and lay till Easter. The crops and vintage failed; and a great murrain consumed the cattle.

In 1330, the crops failed in Scotland; and such a famine ensued that the poorer sort of people were reduced to feed on grass, and many of them perished miserably in the fields. In 1344, it was clear frost from November to March, and all the rivers in Italy were frozen over. The year 1408 was one of the coldest winters ever remembered. Not only the Danube was frozen over, but the sea between Gothland and Oeland, and between Norway and Denmark; so that wolves, driven from their forests, came over the ice into Jutland. In France, the vineyards and orchards were destroyed. In 1423, both the North Sea and the Baltic were frozen. Travelers passed on foot from Lubeck to Dantzic. In France, the frost penetrated into the cellars. Corn and wine failed, and men and cattle perished for want of food. The successive winters of 1432, 1433 and 1434, were uncommonly severe. It snowed forty days without interruption. All the rivers in Germany were frozen; and the very birds took shelter in the towns. In 1468, the winter was so severe in Flanders, that the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut in pieces with hatchets. In 1544, the same thing happened again, the wine being frozen into solid lumps. In 1548, the winter was very cold and protracted. Between Denmark and Rostock, sledges drawn by horses or oxen traveled over the ice. In 1564, and again in 1565, the winter was extremely severe all over Europe. The Scheldt froze so hard as to support loaded wagons for three months.

The winters of 1658, 1659 and 1660, were intensely cold. The rivers in Italy bore heavy carriages; and so much snow had not fallen at Rome for several centuries. It was in 1658, that Charles X. of Sweden crossed the Little Belt over the ice from Holstein to Denmark, with his whole army, foot and horse, followed by the train of baggage and artillery. During these years the price of grain was nearly doubled in England; a circumstance which contributed, among other causes, to the Restoration. In 1684, the winter was excessively cold. Many forest trees, and even the oaks in England, were split by the frost. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, which was covered with ice eleven inches thick. Almost all the birds perished. In 1716, the winter was severe. On the Thames booths were erected, and fairs held. The printers and book sellers pursued their professions upon its surface.

THE MAGIC BOX.—A housekeeper's affairs had for a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not how to get out of her difficulties. After a time she bethought herself of a wise old hermit who lived in the neighborhood, and to him she repaired for advice. She related to him all her trouble, saying, "Things go on badly enough; nothing prospers in doors or out; pray, sir, can you not devise some remedy for my misfortune?"

The hermit—a shrewd, rosy man—begged her to wait, and retiring to an inner chamber of his cell, after a short time brought out a very curious-looking box, carefully sealed up.

"Take this," said he, "and keep it for one year but you must three times a day and three times a night carry it into the kitchen the cellar, and the stable, and set it down in each corner.

"I answer for it, that shortly you will find things improve. But be sure at the end of a year to bring back the box. Now, farewell."

The good woman received the precious box with many thanks, and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of beer. As she went a little later into the kitchen, there she found a maid making herself a supper of omelets. In the stable she discovered and corrected some new faults. At the end of the year, she, faithful to her promise, carried the box to the hermit, and besought him to allow her to keep it, as it had a most wonderful effect.

"Only let me keep it one year longer," said she, "and I am sure all will be remedied."

The hermit smiled, and replied, "I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within, you shall have."

He opened the box, and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper, on which was written this couplet:—

Would you thrive most prosperously,
Yourself must every corner see.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Cameron, Mo., Feb, 6, '83.

Editor Post—While I do not make it a point to compliment picture premiums given to subscribers to papers, I *must say* your "Presenting the Bride" discounts so heavily anything of the kind that I have heretofore seen, I consider it worthy a place among gems of art. It's a beauty.

SOLON HYDE.

Waverly, Mo., Feb. 3, '83.

Eds. Post—Your beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," duly came to hand, and in good order; must acknowledge was agreeably surprised. You did not over-estimate its beauty and worth. We are well pleased, and those to whom we have shown it are delighted.

JAMES D. THOMAS.

Port Terry, Pa., Feb. 4, '82.

Editor "Saturday Evening Post"—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," was received to-day. It is a beautiful picture—as good as you represented it.

JAMES BROADFOOT.

Chester, Ill., Feb. 11, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," and am delighted with it. I think it the best of the kind I ever saw.

ANNIE PINKERTON.

Weston, Vt., Feb. 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your picture, "Presenting the Bride," is grand. I will show it to my neighbors, and use my best efforts to have them subscribe.

MRS. S. HESELTON.

Rahway, N. C., Feb. 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture in good order, and it gives perfect satisfaction—in fact, I think it perfectly beautiful, as do also others that have seen it. I will do all I can for your paper.

Perry, O., Feb. 8, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—"Presenting the Bride" received. Am well pleased. "Splendid!" is the verdict of all that have seen it. Five dollars would not buy the picture from me to-day. I cannot see how you can afford to give such a splendid premium. I am certain the paper is worth the money, and more too.

P. E. BERRY.

Brookhaven, Miss., Feb. 9, '82.

The Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," was received this morning, and I feel called on to write you, expressing my thanks for so liberal and beautiful a gift! It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations, and would be an ornament to the walls of any marble palace. May success attend The Post is the wish of an old subscriber.

GERTRUDE SMITH.

"It is Curing Everybody,"

writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels, and kidneys. If you have those symptoms which indicate biliousness or deranged kidneys do not fail to procure it and use faithfully. In liquid or dry form it is sold by all druggists.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

Consumption Cured.

Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East Indian missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Worth Sending For.

Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 333 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the great household medicine of the American people, and is taken everywhere as a safeguard against epidemics, and endemics, as a remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, and irregularities of the bowels, as a cure for chills and fever and rheumatic ailments, as a sedative in nervous cases, and as a general invigorant and restorative.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $2.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $2.25; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—A Rare Chance to make money rapidly, selling our new Book,

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of *to-day*, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and, in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLAS BROS.,
52 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mention this paper.

Established 1865.
KEYSTONE Slate and Soapstone Works.
SLATE MANTELS

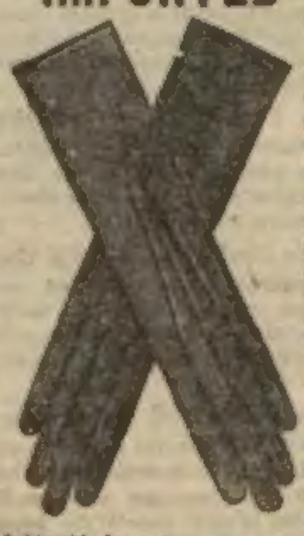
Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.
JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.
Office and Salesroom: 1719 Ridge Avenue.
Factory: 1411 & 1413 Spring Garden St., Philada.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

AGENTS WANTED. OFFICIAL LIFE AND
TRIAL OF GUITEAU.
Send 30 cents in stamps for outfit. Book now ready.
FORSHEE & McMAKIN, CINCINNATI, O.

Edith M. Hall Copper Name Stamp, Indelible Ink and Pad, $1; Rubber name Stamp, &c. Send for circulars.
J. GOLDSBOROUGH, 730 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book: Sent Free. (new) R. MASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York

IMPORTED KID GLOVES AND LACE TIES.



IMMENSE REDUCTION IN PRICES.

We have just purchased one thousand dozen ladies' and misses' kid gloves at less than one half the cost of importation. Our stock embraces a full line of sizes from 5½ to 8, also a complete assortment of colors and shades, including white and black, cream and light shades, neatly styled opera. Our lady friends should not fail to avail themselves of this rare opportunity to secure fine imported gloves at about one-half the usual retail prices. In ordering state size and color desired whether light or dark. Price per pair, 50 cents, or 3 three-cent postage stamps; 2 pairs for $1.00, 4 pair, $2.75; 1 dozen pair, assorted sizes and colors, if desired, $5.00 by mail, post paid. Dealers can readily retail these gloves at from 75 cents to $1.50 per pair.

NOTTINGHAM LACE TIES.

We have just secured at a great sacrifice to the manufacturer an entire consignment, consisting of two thousand dozen ladies' and misses' square lace ties, which we now offer at exceedingly low prices. Our illustration is a photo-engraving of one of the ties, and is therefore an exact representation of these beautiful imported goods. They are very fashionable for spring and summer wear, and we know of nothing else in ladies' wearing apparel so attractive and pretty at such a trifling cost. Length of ladies' ties 45 inches, width 4 inches. Length of misses' ties 30 inches, width 4 inches. Price of ladies' ties, 24 cents, 3 for 60 cents; 1 dozen, $2.00. Misses' ties, 12 cents; 3 for 30 cents; 1 dozen, $1.00 by mail, postpaid. Postage stamps accepted the same as cash. For 10 cents extra, we will send goods by registered mail. Address all orders to

EUREKA TRICK AND NOVELTY CO.,
87 Warren Street, New York.

Facetiæ.

Hard wear—Tight boots.

Out of temper—A bad knife.

Takes life easy—The hangman.

Was Noah's voyage an Arktic expedition?

A revolution in the treatment of nervous diseases is now taking place. Dr. Benson, of Baltimore, has discovered a new remedy in his Celery and Chamomile Pills; they permanently cure sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and all nervous diseases.

Bologna is the link that unites man with the brute.

In the battle of life the infantry makes the first charge.

Always locate the bed post in your mind before putting out the light.

The highest hopes and interest of the race rest on the purity, health and strength of womanhood. We take take pleasure in referring our readers to the remarkable efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in all cases of diseases from which women suffer so much.

As soon as corner loafers are ripe they should be picked by policemen.

Sparking over a garden fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.

If we could see others as we see ourselves there would be more good-looking people in the world.

There is Hardly an Adult Person

living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulty, which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all disease. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Hop Bitters are taken occasionally.

"Why does a donkey eat thistles?" asked a teacher of one of the largest boys in the class. "Because he is a donkey, I reckon," was the prompt reply.

A plaster cast of Daniel Webster's head has been sold five times in New York under as many different names, and it is now doing duty in a second hand store to show off plug hats and neckties.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

Practical economy; Host,—Now, that wine cost me $5 a bottle nearly twenty years ago. Now, apart from the prime cost, look what the yearly interest on it comes to." Guest—"Well, let's have another bottle, and get rid of the interest on that, at all events."

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

"The Bible says, 'Love your neighbor as yourself,'" the parson remarked; "but of course we must not take this literally. If you manage to love your neighbor one-hundredth part as much as you do yourselves, many of you, it will be all that can be reasonably expected of you."

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

It is said that a German chemist has ascertained that first-rate brandy can be made of sawdust. An exchange says, "We are friends of the temperance cause, and want it to succeed; but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk with a fence-rail?"

Ponder on These Truths.

Kidney-Wort is Nature's remedy for kidney and liver diseases, piles and constipation.

Sediment or mucous in the urine is an indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort.

Torpid liver and kidneys poison the blood. Kidney-Wort revives them and cleanses the system.

Headache, bilious attacks, dizziness, and loss of appetite are cured by Kidney-Wort.

See advertisements.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE

FOR

RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.,

Can be sent by mail. Burlington, Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

LANDRETH'S IMPLEMENT AND SEED WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., and S. E. Corner of Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia.

FOUNDED 1784.

Everything of the best for the Farm, Garden or Country Seat. Over 1500 acres under cultivation, growing Landreth's Garden Seeds. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac for 1882, with catalogue of seeds and directions for culture, in English and German, free to all applicants.

WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 36-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Babies' Caps, Lace, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,

205 Market St., Phila., or, 469 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of Baltimore, Md.,

In the course of his practice discovered what now are renowned in medical practice—viz., a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a *sure cure* for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and *will cure* any case. The Doctor's great remedy for Skin Disease, called "Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, is exceedingly valuable, and greatly sought after by all persons who have skin diseases or bad complexion. An excellent toilet dressing.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, 115 Fulton Street, New York City, sole agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies, to whom all orders should be addressed.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

DR. BENSON'S NEW REMEDY

AND FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health

Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

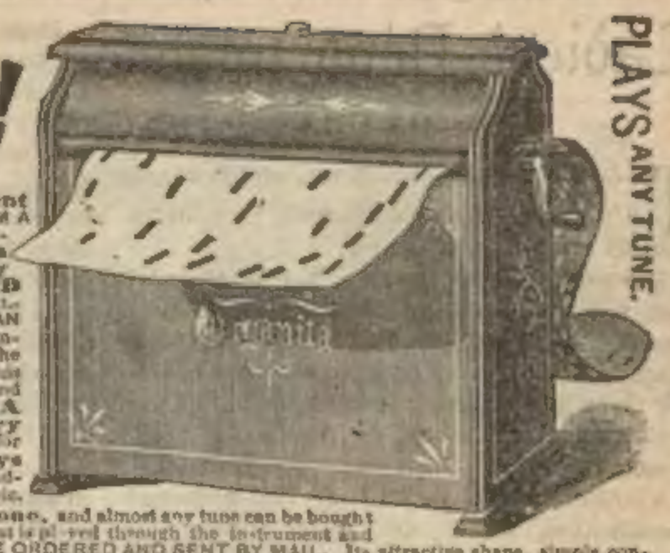
Sold by all Druggists.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Series &c. in fancy case 10c. samples 3c. Enquire Card Co, Birmingham, Ct.

ORGANITA!

MUSIC AND MUSICIAN COMBINED.



PLAYS ANY TUNE.

The Most Wonderful Musical Instrument in the World. IT PLAYS EVERYTHING FROM A SIMPLE SONG TO A DIFFICULT WALTZ OR OPERATIC SELECTION, **and a little child can operate it.** Black walnut case, gilt trimmings, very finely finished and ornamented. The **IMPROVED ORGANITA** HAS FIVE VERY POWERFUL BELLOWS, **Full Sized Cabinet Organ Reeds,** AN IMPROVED AUTOMATIC SHUT-OFF, and a most ingenious **Double Expression Swell,** by which the tone is greatly varied. Great effects are obtained from this instrument, owing to the peculiar position of the reeds and construction of expression box. The **ORGANITA** *is* **almost as loud as a Cabinet Organ—very melodious,** and will play dance music loud enough for any medium sized hall. **REMEMBER! It plays anything and everything;** Jigs, Waltzes, Quadrilles, Cotillions, and all the Popular and Sacred Music. **We give a selection of music with each one,** and almost any tune can be bought for it. The tune is simply a strip of perforated paper, that is pulled through the instrument and produces the music. EXTRA MUSIC CAN ALWAYS BE ORDERED AND SENT BY MAIL. Its attractive shape, simple construction, and the various improvements it possesses, place it at once far in advance of all competitors. Price, in black walnut case, with selection of music, **only $25.00. Over 400 tunes now ready. Extra music only 4c. per ft.** The tunes vary from 3 to 8 feet.

SPECIAL TO AGENTS. We want an agent in every town, and have concluded to offer a sample ORGANITA for 5 DOLLARS to those who will show it and take orders; or with 25 ft. of music, $3; or with 100 ft., $6. Money refunded if not as represented. MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

SEEDS HONEST SEEDS

Send your address at once, on postal for our Large Illustrated Catalogue of everything for the Farm or Garden. It costs nothing, but will save money. Do not FAIL to examine it before ordering elsewhere.

BENSON, MAULE & CO.,

129 and 131 South Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HONEST SEEDS

WANAMAKER AND BROWN

Clothing

6th & Market Sts

OAK HALL

PHILADELPHIA.

SAMPLES SENT BY MAIL WHEN WRITTEN FOR

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED

by thousands and tens of thousands all over the country to be the SUREST CURE ever discovered for all

KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (every druggist will recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Incontinence or retention of Urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains all speedily yield to its curative power.

PRICE $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS.

KIDNEY-WORT

FLORENCE

Oil Stove and Heater.

No Smoke. No Smell. Absolutely NON-EXPLOSIVE. Send for circular and Price-List. S. C. & W. M. SMITH, S. E. Cor. 7th & Arch Sts., Phila.

105 Elegant NEW STYLE Chromo Cards, Moss Rose-Buds, Lilies, Ferns, Scrolls, Autumn Leaves, etc. Lithographed in the most FASHIONABLE colors, your name printed thereon in Gold & Jet 10c. Please send 25c. for our BOOK of the most lovely Samples you ever saw, including Agents outfit. Our stock of Bevel Gilt Edge, Imported Embossed Chromo & Satin Fringe Cards is unequaled. We pay Agents the highest commission and offer the most elegant and useful premiums of any reliable Card House in the United States. Printers supplied with blank cards. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $500 Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

TWO Photos of Female Beauties, 10cts. *Illustrated catalogue free.* J. DEITZ, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

50 SUPERB Chromos, Rich and Rare designs, with name 10 cents. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

R. DOLLARD,

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CHESTNUT ST.,

Philadelphia.

Premier Artist

IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE most fashionable fichus of this winter are made of black Spanish lace, handsomely embroidered in jet.

For very elegant dresses, white Spanish lace fichus are worn, embroidered with pearls. Waves of gathered lace are also placed crossways on evening dresses, to render them wearable for demi-toilette. They look like under-fichus, as worn by some peasant girls.

Another revival is that of full-gathered chemisettes, which are worn under low bodies of every description, to make them fitter for small reunions.

These chemisettes are made of plain muslin, tulle, gauze, and lace, in black, white, and in colors. Embroidered and spangled gauze and tulle are also used for them. Puffed sleeves to match are worn with them; indeed, the sleeves and chemisettes are attached together, and form an under-body more than a chemisette.

Every-day dresses may be made to look prettier, for dinner or theatre wear, by adding over them a gathered half-body, imitating a kind of waistcoat, and fichu combined of foulard and lace.

Over-bodies of puffed foulard, muslin, etc. are also worn over high bodies. But they have not any sleeves. Cuffs to match the over-body are worn over the dress sleeves. This also is an old fashion revived, and a very useful one it is.

Finally, for plain home wear, deep collars and cuffs of puffed or gathered muslin, etc., make a pretty and becoming finish to a dress, for the quiet family circle on a winter's evening. When plain collars and cuffs are worn they are edged with a good lace.

Medieval crosses are much worn by young ladies. They are worn suspended to a silver chain long enough to go round the neck, and then to hang over the left shoulder, like an Alsatian peasant-girl wears her neckerchief.

The idea is odd, but the effect is pretty. A nosegay of flowers is worn with every dress, whether in the street or at home. In the street the flower is worn at the waist; in the house it is worn on one side of the neck. Muffs of satin and lace are also trimmed with a bunch of flowers.

Lilies are the most favorite flowers, especially on black velvet dresses.

Grecian bands of silver and imitation stones are worn in the hair for evening, and look very pretty, especially for the theatre. Crinolines continue to gain ground in Paris.

Plush and satin muffs are worn, but not so much as last year. After all, there is nothing better than fur for muffs. They must be very small however. Fur is also much worn as trimming to both day-walking costumes and evening dresses.

Pelisses, when not lined or trimmed with fur are handsomely embroidered, and trimmed round with a chenille fringe. They fit into the back, have no gathering on the shoulders, and are quite straight in front, with large sleeves, that take the arms and shoulders—for they must define the figure, whilst remaining very full below the waist, in order not to crush the dress beneath.

Opera cloaks are made in the same style; the most handsome are made of white damask, embroidered in gold, and edged round with ostrich feathers. They are lined with white satin.

Peterines are so large, that they look almost like cloaks, they are worn with toque, muff, and cuffs to match.

In jewelry there are several novelties, there is the Alexandrite gem, which is of a beautiful green, turning to a clear red by gas-light, and resembles the chrysoberyl, or cat's-eye stone.

Green garnet is another lovely stone. It is sometimes called demantoid. Cameos made of Australian opals are very attractive, as also are American sapphires, pink and yellow topazes, zircons and peridots, all new stones for jewelry. The fossil trilobites, traced by geologists to the extreme past, are in favor also; they are of a dark grey tint, through which is seen a small shellfish, curled over, apparently sleeping. The effect is very novel and pretty at the same time.

The new dog-collars are of massive gold, and very wide. Bells are attached to them to make them complete; and also a long ribbon, which hangs at the back.

The hair is worn cut short again, and in small flat curls.

Passementerie trimmings imitate the antique: also Gobelin tapestry work, and tambor embroidery; chenille is greatly employed both in embroideries and in fringes. Cord fringe is very handsome, and is about six inches deep.

Hats, toques, and bonnets, are trimmed exclusively with feathers and entire birds. I have seen capotes with three swallows in front, forming a diadem over the forehead. The birds' beaks bend over the brim on the forehead, the wings are then stretched out to form the diadem. Young girls wear large furry hats. Ladies prefer toques and capotes.

At a large reception last week, the people present were particularly well dressed. I noted that black velvet bonnets with yellow and orange plumes were most popular; and that the plush and velvet costumes were, as a rule, made as redingotes opening over satin skirts to match, and sometimes the redingote was simple violet cloth over a violet faille skirt, as faille is once again coming to the fore. A round waistband fastened in front accompanied such costumes. A number of tiny muffs were carried made of drawn velvet, and covered with artificial flowers and small humming birds.

It may be said that the leading novelties aim at making long waists, scanty skirts, small paniers, large simple trains, the only drapery or fulness being below the back of the waist, and thus manage to give that slimness to the figure combined with a bunchy tournure which is the aim of fashionably dressed women at present.

The most comfortable way to make a soft flannel dressing-gown is to make it in the "Mother-Hubbard" style, that is, with straight breadths, gathered front and back into a shoulder-yoke, which may be plain or puffed, according to taste.

The whole dress, if preferred, may be full up the neck, and gathered in puffs to the shoulder, instead of leaving a separate shoulder-piece. But the plain yoke is preferred.

The neck is edged round with a frill, and is tied in front by satin ribbons, of the same color as the dress. A satin ribbon or sash is tied round the waist, and if a pretty skirt is worn beneath, no buttons are needed to the wrapper. A foulard scarf may be substituted for the satin, if preferred.

Cashmere wrappers may be made in the same way, only they have a plush collar, sleeves and cuffs, and pockets, and are sometimes edged round with plush.

Blankets, both white and colored, are also manufactured into wrappers. These, however, can only be made in the old princess shape, and their border is used to edge round the dress.

Elegant dressing-gowns for teas and home dinner wear are made of plush, lined with colored surah or silk. These are made in a loose princess shape, and are trimmed round the neck and sleeves and down the front with folds of lace or very rich buttons.

Quilted satin skirts are very fashionable again this winter, both for out of doors and in-doors. They look well under an open dressing-gown of any kind.

Instead of being wadded, however, they may be quilted over flannel. The warmest and lightest of all are those quilted over eider-down. But as those are too expensive for all, we must be contented with wadding or flannel.

Then there are flannel skirts, covered with a deep kilted flounce for extra warmth and also for extra beauty, as quite plain flannel skirts are not pretty—are they? and if we can join warmth, comfort, and prettiness, why not do it?

Merino under skirts, both in colors and white, are worn under quilted and flounced flannel skirts, and drawers are also made to match. They are trimmed with wool lace.

Silk stockings are worn in winter as well as in summer; only in winter a second pair, which may be of cotton or wool, must be worn beneath. For out doors they are plain, for house and evening wear they are embroidered on the foot and up the ankle, as even train dresses are short in front, and show the entire foot. For evening wear bronze-kid shoes are very fashionable, with a double bow in front, or a paranna colored kid. For full-dress satin shoes are worn, with the toe-piece covered with embroidery. For walking, boots are best, though the old English shoe, laced up the front, and the Mollere are also worn. Heels, whether for shoes or boot, are very much lower than in previous years.

Fireside Chat.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

I THINK that the secret of cooking potatoes properly is to pour off the water directly they are tender to the centre, and never to let them boil beyond. The moment therefore that you find the fork goes through easily, take the saucepan off the fire, pour off the water, and place the saucepan by the side of the fire, where the heat is slack; leave the lid half on and place a cloth lightly over the potatoes, under the lid, to absorb the steam. Now and then give the saucepan a shake, a little quick shake; this prevents the potatoes sticking, and also helps to increase the floury appearance.

Very large potatoes take nearly half an hour after the water comes to the boiling point; but to carry out the principle, suppose the potatoes are unusually large, then as soon as the water boils throw in some more cold water, say a large cupful, so as to prolong the period in which the potatoes are getting hot through. This is, however, rarely necessary in the present day, as the giants are now to be met with.

Now as the potatoes decrease in size and get gradually smaller and newer, so must the water into which they are put go up gradually from cold to "water with the chill off" next "lukewarm water," "warm water," hot water," "boiling water. We next have another sliding scale with regard to peeling. New potatoes should be washed and rubbed with a rough cloth or a piece of flannel; when they get a little older, they require scraping; and so we ascend to the peeling, though at what exact point the one ends and the other begins it is, of course, impossible to say.

From what I have already explained, it follows that potatoes cannot be boiled properly unless they are all of one size. The cook, where potatoes are kept in any quantity, should therefore pick out a lot as nearly as possible the same size. When there are only a few, and of different sizes, the large ones must be cut in halves. New potatoes when small should be boiled with a few sprigs of mint, a quarter of an hour is generally enough, and they should be as freshly dug as possible.

New potatoes should be drained and thrown into a cloth for a minute till the steam evaporates, and then placed in a hot vegetable dish with a pat of butter. The heat of the potatoes will soon melt the butter, and then they can be rolled in it for a few seconds before sending to table.

Another admirable method of cooking potatoes is to steam them; the steamer should fit tight to the saucepan; they can be tested by the fork as to when they are done, and the steamer should be occasionally shaken.

One important point to be borne in mind is not to begin to cook the potatoes too soon—some cooks are so afraid of getting behindhand, that they will have their potatoes done half an hour before they are wanted.

If potatoes are kept too long after they are cooked, first, they are not really hot; and secondly, they are very apt to change color. Indeed, with regard to this point of changing color, there are some potatoes that seem to turn a bad color however carefully they may be cooked. The fact is that they are inferior potatoes. Were I to sum up in a few words the secret of boiling a potato properly, I should say—first, find out the moment the potato is done through; secondly, let the water be boiling pretty briskly the last two or three minutes; thirdly, take them off and drain them the moment they are done; fourthly, let the steam evaporate and send them to table at once.

The next point of importance is, what is the best thing to be done with the cold potatoes that are left? Too often they are left and supposed to be warmed up for the servants' supper—but are they? A good first-class man-cook is often glad of some cold potatoes to make a border for an *entrée*. At the present season of the year there are probably some thousands of houses whose leaders contain a cold roast turkey and some cold potatoes.

Probably the breast has been cut into and the legs remain whole. Try and use the cold potatoes as follows: First take off the two legs and put them by to be devilled. Then cut up the cold turkey, scrape the meat off the bones, and put the bones on the fire and stew them down with an onion, a little parsley, and some trimmings of celery. skim the grease off, and boil it away till it is reduced to rather more than half a pint; add a teaspoonful of a little cayenne pepper, and thicken it with a little corn-flour. Cut up the meat free from bone, and warm it up in this rich strong gravy, in a small stew-pan.

Then take the cold potatoes, add a little milk boiled separately and some butter, and mash them in a basin with a wooden spoon till all the lumps are gone. Put the mash on a tin dish and shape it so that it is hollow in the middle and fluted outside—I recollect using once a broken nutmeg-grater to shape the outside into round pillars—the mould of potatoes thus formed with the hand need not be more than an inch and a half thick; put the tin into the oven and bake it a little while—it need not necessarily be browned—and then fill the inside with the cut-up turkey and rich gravy. This is an admirable *entrée* and there is no waste.

Or another way: Put the bones of the turkey on as before, to stew down rather more than a pint. Skim and strain and get rid of the grease; add to it a pint of boiling milk—boiled separate. Thicken this delicious white soup with the cold potatoes, passing the whole through a wire sieve. Add a little pepper and salt, and boil a bay-leaf in it for a short time. Serve some fried bread or some crisp toast cut up small.

Another way of using up cold potatoes is to make them into a cheesecake as follows: Take two lemons, two ounces of sugar or a little more, two eggs, and two ounces of butter. Rub the sugar on the rind of the lemons and pound the sugar with the juice of the two lemons, and the butter and the two eggs well beaten up. Mix in as much cold potatoes as the mixture will bear, and put it in a small buttered pie-dish and bake it in the oven—the mixture before baking should be of the consistency of mortar.

A MAN in Brooklyn knocked another man down in the street last Sunday for calling him a "miserable sinner," which was exactly what the first man had just been calling himself in church.

Correspondence.

A. M. X. (New Light, La.)—Just at present we are not in need of anything of the kind, and it would not be worth your time to send it on.

ETIQUETTE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—If you mean holding them in that position while eating, no. Place them beside each other or cross them on the plate.

MYSTAR.—We cannot make out from your letter what you mean. You are married. That much is clear. That you should do your duty to your husband and forget, at least as far as possible, other men, is equally clear. More than this we do not care to say in the matter.

J. H. P., (Sanford, Fla.)—"Faint heart never won fair lady." If you think she loves you, ask her and make certain, one way or the other. While you are waiting for further developments, some one more plucky than yourself may step up and carry off the prize.

CHARLES, (Cincinnati, O.)—The thirty-first of October, 1852, was on a Friday. We have no doubt but you have heard and read that persons born on the "Eve of All Saints" have the gift of prophecy and of second sight; but don't believe them. The month of October is no more remarkable than some of the other months.

PRETTY POLLY, (Farming, Ills.)—1. The color of the hair is dark chestnut. We consider it a pretty shade. 2. Address Claxton & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. 3. They are reliable. As to the merits of the articles offered, not having seen them, we cannot say. 4. Owing to the increase of price on the part of the manufacturers.

SUE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We do not know where they may be found. Perhaps some one of our readers can inform you of the whereabouts of the lines:

"Let not trifles discompose
Your temper, feelings, or repose."

They occur in an old poem called "Advice to a Young Wife."

HICKORY, (Gainesville, Fla.)—1. In round numbers about 800,000 and 1,000,000 respectively. Philadelphia covers an area of 129½ square miles. 2. The rule is to give the lady that side of the walk where she will be least exposed to jostling by passers-by. This will necessarily sometimes be on the right hand and sometimes the left—sometimes the outside, sometimes the inside.

S. R. C., (Kanraka, S. C.)—1. The letters "O. N. T." on some brands of thread, stand for "Our New Thread." 2. We do not know anything about it, but from your experience would suppose it a swindle of the most rabid character. 3. "Toat" is neither English nor proper. "Tote" is a good word, and is in common use in this country colloquially, more particularly in the South. 4. Subscription will expire January 22, 1853.

IGNORANCE, (Rupert, Vt.)—We do not know, but think she lives in Georgia. If you are particular, write to the publishers of her books; they will probably give you the information if you have good reason for asking, and the lady wishes her residence known. 2. A letter addressed to Detroit, Mich., would probably reach him. 3. She is a well-known writer and Washington correspondent. That is her real name. She can be addressed to that city.

S. F., (Camden, N. J.)—She is probably "waiting to hear the word love more plainly," as you put it. A young lady is not apt to look upon a mere statement by a lover that he "likes" her as a declaration of love. You made a mistake when you supposed that such a statement would make her understand just exactly what your feelings for her were. If you should tell her what your feelings for her are, and not leave her to infer them, it is probable that you would see a change in her conduct towards you.

ROSE, (Vernon, Wis.)—Your question. What means can a young lady employ to prevent her's not being stared at by young men wherever she goes, is one that has puzzled the wisest feminine heads in all ages. Of course it is only beautiful young ladies who are stared at. Beauty, like virtue, though it is its own reward, has also its own trials to endure, and being stared at by admiring swains is one of them. Ladies with beautiful faces and forms will always be stared at, and candor compels us to say, would be grievously pained and disappointed if they were not. We are afraid that we cannot help you out of your difficulty.

A. M., (Washington, D. C.)—There are as many cures for stammering as there are for a cold; some of which are beneficial in certain cases and fail utterly in others. But the newest cure we have heard is the following, which was told recently by a noted orator, who was himself liable to stutter at times: "With each troublesome word, especially with one beginning a sentence, I made some slight motion with my hand or foot, or even with a single finger, and I found that this plan enabled me to get the word out without stammering. With the enunciation of Peter, for instance, I would tap the side of my body with the hand, just as I opened my lips, and the word was articulated without the least halting." Try this cure. It won't cost you anything.

E. M., (Glencoe, Ky.)—1. It is not particular. The main point is to ask her. Still, to make matters more secure it is best to mention it in the course of the evening. Then, if she has another escort you may look out for yourself elsewhere, and if she has not and she accepts you so much is gained by having it over. 2. We do not approve of the gentleman taking the lady's arm. It looks too much like ownership. To us it seems more fitting in every way that the lady should take the gentleman's arm. 3. It is usual to so exchange pictures, but you can conceive in case of a quarrel and separation how unpleasant it might make things. Still, if you feel there is no likelihood of any mortifying consequences or circumstances turning up, we cannot see the harm of it.

JOHN W., (New York, N. Y.)—Wealth alone does not constitute riches. There is many a man rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good stomach, a good heart, and a fair allotment of brains, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses or land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a mother and father. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or develop good ones; but it is a decided advantage to have a proportion of faculties to begin with. The rich man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.